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ABSTRACT

Intended to make more accessible the writing of special merit by Canadian reporters and writers about subjects that were particularly important or interesting at the time, this book contains the articles that received the National Newspaper Awards. Following each story is an interview with the winning author. Also included are winning feature and news photographs and a winning cartoon. The awards are as follows: (1) enterprise reporting, "The Vancouver Sun"; (2) column, "Toronto Star"; (3) feature photography, "Ottawa Citizen"; (4) sports writing, "Montreal Gazette"; (5) editorial writing, "Montreal Gazette"; (6) cartooning, "Hamilton Spectator"; (7) critical writing, "Toronto Star"; (8) news photography, "Edmonton Sun"; (9) spot news reporting, "Southam News" and (10) feature writing, "Montreal Gazette." The book concludes with a cumulative index of National Newspaper Award winners. (HTH)

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BYLINE

The 1982 National Newspaper Awards

Edited by Andrew MacFarlane

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Preface

Daily newspaper journalism is one of the most pervasive elements of Canadian culture. It operates across a wide spectrum of social roles—from telling people (including those who later replay the tidings on radio and television) what is going on, to providing the pleasure of a good read. Yet newspapers are so much of a piece with our daily environment that we are not particularly conscious of the important part those who report and write for them occupy in our collective mind and psyche. Newspapers are the essential basis, of course, for a variety of scholarly approaches to the study of our culture in such fields as political science, sociology, history, communication studies, geography, Canadian literature—even economics and, God help us, marketing. But by and large these disciplines treat newspapers as an institution, and their substance as specimens of automatic writing by society-as-a-whole.

This book, by contrast, celebrates individual practitioners—some of the best in the country—whose work has earned the highest honours conferred on Canadian newspaper people. These are the National Newspaper Awards—conceived in 1947 by the directors of the Toronto Men's Press Club in the belief that their establishment would raise the standard of newspaper work in Canada. They have been given since 1949, when the club (now the Toronto Press Club) was guaranteed funds to underwrite them for five years by George McCullagh, publisher of the *Globe and Mail* and the *Telegram*. Since McCullagh's death in 1952, the basis of support has been broadened and the newspapers and groups listed at the back of this book have contributed to a self-sustaining fund, which is administered by a board of trustees.

The awards, each of which includes a $1,000 prize, are currently offered for work published in Canadian dailies in ten categories: editorial writing, spot news reporting, feature writing, enterprise reporting, critical writing, columns, news photography, feature photography, sports writing and editorial cartooning. Judges for the competition are chosen from across Canada. Most of them are prominent former newspaper men and women. This year, for the first time, the number of entries they had to evaluate passed seven hundred.

Byline, the first book in what will be an annual series, consists of two main parts. One is the work that earned the prize in each of the writing categories of the 1982 Awards. The second is a series of interviews between the editor and each of the winners, dealing with the particular work for which the award was given, and with broad questions arising from the different areas of reporting and writing it represents. All but two of the interviews were taped at the Sheraton Centre in Toronto during National Newspaper Week in late April 1983, which culminated in the National Newspaper Awards dinner at which the presentations were made. Christopher Young was interviewed by telephone from Ottawa, where he paused en route back to his bureau post in London, and Joan Fraser from her office in Montreal.

The idea of this and future books in the series is to make accessible to a wider audience Canadian writing of special merit by reporters and writers from across the country about subjects that were particularly important or interesting at the time. They will also, I hope, emphasize the fact that the public contribution newspapers make in terms of social concern, wisdom, compassion, utility and enjoyment is essentially the gift of individual reporters and writers who combine these personal qualities and capacities with the talent to articulate them to the rest of us.

Andrew MacFarlane
School of Journalism
University of Western Ontario
London
June 1983

BYLINE

Enterprise Reporting

The Vancouver Sun

"The Olson File" was the *Vancouver Sun's* blockbuster chronicle of events leading to the conviction of Clifford Olson for the murders of eleven children. The principal reporters were Moira Farrow and Rick Ouston. They were assisted by Gerry Bellett, Wendy Long, Miguel Moya, Paul Musgrove, Pat Nagle, Phil Needham, Ros Oberlyn, Jes Odham, Nicholas Read, Gillian Shaw and Dave Stockand.

Moira Farrow coordinated the team that produced a massive dossier comprising more than thirty gripping and meticulously documented stories in a three-day package released for publication when Olson pleaded guilty on the second day of his trial and was sentenced to life imprisonment. The judges pointed out that the stories included a number of exclusive angles, including the $100,000 payment to the Olson family trust for assistance in finding some of the bodies.

Moira Farrow was born in London, England, attended the journalism school at the Regent Street Polytechnic, and worked on the *Barking Advertiser* and the *Croydon Times* before coming to Toronto, where she got a job in the typing pool of Maclean-Hunter. She moved to Vancouver and worked for the *Journal of*

Commerce, at BCTV and at the *North Shore Citizen* before joining the *Sun* where she reports on environment and resources matters and sits in when required as assistant city editor. She has written one book, on British Columbia and Yukon pioneers, and is at work on another.

Deni Eagland

Back row (left to right): Nicholas Read, Miguel Moya, Gerry Bellett. *Second row*: Moira Farrow, Paul Musgrove, Ros Oberlyn, Gillian Shaw, Jes Odham, Phil Needham. *Front row*: Patrick Nagle, Wendy Long, Rick Ouston.

From Petty Thief to Mass Murderer: Portrait of a Killer

He was a braggart and a bully, a liar and a thief.

He was a violent man with a hair-trigger temper. But he could also be charming and smooth-tongued when trying to impress people.

Clifford Robert Olson had a Jekyll and Hyde personality. He posed as a happy family man and a devout church goer. But in reality he was a monster.

In his 42 years of misspent life, Olson compiled a long list of crimes which kept him behind bars for the best part of nearly 25 years. And he capped this shocking record with the ugliest string of murders in Canadian history.

Looking over his life, the mind is shaken: why was he let out of jail so often for good behavior only to go straight back to crime? Why was his potential for murder and sex crimes not spotted during the many times he was interviewed by social workers, medical officials and prison staff?

He started life as a schoolyard bully and a petty thief. The only constant in his life seemed to be his erratic behaviour. That was obvious right up to the opening of his murder trial when, after lawyers had spent months of work preparing the case, he suddenly changed his plea.

An early acquaintance who was at school with Olson describes him as an "habitual criminal from the age of 10."

Dave, who did not want his full name used, said one of his most vivid memories is of a teenage Olson being chased through a schoolyard by a Mountie because he'd held up a grocery store with a knife.

When police finally ran down Olson for 11 murders last year he was drunk in a rented car with two hitchhikers.

In between are burglaries, break-ins, armed robberies, forgeries and at least five escapes from custody.

Then, as Olson became older, the crimes became uglier and sexual. There were rapes, indecent assaults, and buggery. The victims were of both sexes and they were as young as seven years old.

And, finally, the murders. Eleven disgusting murders of youngsters aged between nine and 18. Three boys and eight girls.

All these youngsters were slain by a man who was the complete opposite of a quiet, introspective loner, which is often the personality type involved in mass killings.

Olson was a compulsive talker. That's the characteristic mentioned most often by the people who knew him. He also made a strong impression, usually bad but occasionally good, on all who crossed his path. But everyone who met him remembered him. And it was usually because of his constant talking which he used most effectively to get his own way.

"I can well understand why those kids got into a car with him," said RCMP Const. Jim Hunter of Squamish. "He really had the gift of the gab."

Olson received his first publicity the day he was born. He was a New Year's baby, born January 1, 1940, at 10:10 p.m. in St. Paul's Hospital. His parents, Clifford and Leona Olson, were living then at 2258 Oxford, Vancouver, which is near the Pacific National Exhibition.

Young Clifford was not born early enough in the day to win the big prizes—including a silver spoon and a case of canned milk—but his parents were presented with a baby book and "a dainty gift from Cunningham drug stores."

Olson was the first-born child in the family, but he soon had two brothers, Richard and Dennis, and a sister, Sharon.

The family had moved to Richmond by the time Olson went to elementary school. Olson Sr. bought a small one-storey box of a house on Gilmore Crescent in an 80-home community built by the government for ex-servicemen after the Second World War.

Growing up in this neighborhood near the north arm of the Fraser River, Olson quickly earned a reputation as a bully and a little bit of a con artist.

"He had the kids around here buffaloed," said Mary Van Horne, whose little daughter Jo was teased by Olson. "Jo had to clobber him with her lunch pail quite often."

Other neighbors remember Olson sneaking into their backyards to pick raspberries and then boldly knocking on the front door to sell the stolen fruit.

Olson Sr. was, during part of that time, working as a milk man. But the three Olson brothers were allowed a lot of freedom and played for hours along the river banks and woods near their home. They built forts and often stayed out late.

"Our boys were not allowed to keep up with Clifford," said Gordon Metheral of Richmond, a former neighbor of the Olsons. His two sons were four or five years younger than Olson.

"Clifford got into mischief. We were not too sure about him. I just didn't like the way he acted," said Metheral. "Mr. Olson Sr. was a pleasant man and we got along good with him. We had birthday parties back and forth for the kids but we never went out with them socially."

Some people, however, liked the good-looking youngster who was always polite to adults.

"He was sort of a laughable little cuss," recalled one neighbor who did not want his name used. "And he was cute as a bug's ear."

For 11 years Olson was at school in Richmond. He started in 1946 at Bridgeport elementary school, which closed down two years ago, and moved on to Cambie Junior High.

According to Richmond school board, he left Cambie in 1957 but he was away from school for about six months in 1956 because he was "working." But there could be a different explanation for that gap in his schooling because Dennis Terry, a former schoolmate, recalled that Olson spent some time in a juvenile detention home.

"The police were always knocking on the door of his house or dragging him home from somewhere," said Terry. "They always looked for Clifford when there was any trouble."

Until he reached junior high, Olson was big enough to dominate the other kids but in his teens his growth tapered off—"he's still only five foot seven," said Terry. "But though Clifford thought he was tough he wasn't really. You could always back him down. He just wanted to show he could lick them."

Olson's father talked to the press about his son's childhood when the young man, serving time at the B.C. penitentiary for breaking and entering, escaped from custody during a visit to Shaughnessy Hospital for treatment.

"He was always getting into fights at school and getting beaten up," said Olson Sr. in 1965.

"One day he said to me: 'Dad, I'm going to learn to be a boxer.' As soon as he did he began making the rounds of the boys who had beaten him up and evening the score. Maybe that's his trouble—that chip on his shoulder."

The only success Olson had in his early years was at boxing. He became good enough to win a runner-up trophy in a local Bronze Gloves boxing tournament in 1954. Four years later he participated in a Golden Gloves tournament and won a trophy for "the most sportsmanlike boxer."

However, that's not how some of his former boxing associates remember him.

"In amateur boxing his thing was to try to learn all the dirty tricks right away," recalled Terry who, as well as attending Cambie Junior High, was also a member of Olson's boxing club, Bridgeport Athletic.

Terry did meet Olson again after leaving school but only because they were both working at the racetrack in Vancouver.

"He was around the track for one or two years grooming horses as a summer job," said Terry. "He was thrown off the track when he stole some cheques. I was kind of surprised to read in the paper recently that Clifford was doing construction work because he didn't do anything like that when we were kids growing up."

Eddy Ciminelli of Delta said he was the trainer who employed Olson now and then to groom horses. At that time, Ciminelli and Olson lived near each other in Richmond.

"Clifford seemed to like the job and he did all right at it. He did his work," said Ciminelli. "But then he stole a cheque of mine off my window ledge. He wrote it out for $400, forged my name on it and cashed it.

"When I found I had no money in my account the bank showed me the cheque. They described who cashed it and I knew right away it was Clifford. He didn't deny it. I was very disappointed in him.

"I didn't press charges because his mother said she would pay me back a little bit every month but I never heard from her again. Clifford left the track then and I never saw him again."

For a while after leaving school, Olson lived with his parents but he was only 17 in 1957 when he got his first jail term—nine months for breaking and entering with intent.

From then on he slipped deeper and deeper into a life of crime. He worked briefly as a millworker but was never out of jail long enough to develop a long-term job.

By 1965, when he was 25, Olson's parents were apparently giving up on him. During the interview with *The Sun* when Olson had escaped from Shaughnessy Hospital, they appealed to him to give himself up.

"He knows what he's facing—he might have to serve 10 years," said Olson Sr., who had just moved his family to a new home in Richmond. "If he doesn't give himself up I hope they get him before he does something really bad. He's done bad enough now."

During his long years in jail, Olson often behaved so well that he won early release. But this good behavior was interrupted by frequent escape attempts which added more time to his sentences. And he also earned himself an unsavory reputation amongst his fellow inmates by informing on them.

Several prison staff, looking back at Olson in those years, had no hesitation in labelling him a psychopath—a person who is mentally deranged.

"Olson was the kind of guy who ran with the hare and the hounds—he played both sides against the middle and so no one trusted him," said Ron Taylor, now the director of New Haven Correctional Centre, Burnaby. He was a nurse at the former Haney Correctional Centre when Olson was a teenage inmate.

"Everyone remembers Clifford Olson," said Taylor. "He was one of those people. In medical terms he was kind of a psychopath or sociopath" (a person whose behavior is antisocial).

Dr. Guy Richmond, author of two books about his life as a prison doctor, recalled that Olson escaped from New Haven "and stole a power boat." He was then sent to Haney Correctional Centre and later to the B.C. Penitentiary and Oakalla (now known as the Lower Mainland Regional Correctional Centre).

Richmond, who was a doctor at Oakalla for 17 years, remembered how a doctor colleague of his became inadvertently involved in an Olson escape attempt from the B.C. Pen.

He said this doctor (who refused to have his name used) heard something bumping under his car while on the way to the B.C. Pen. He discovered that a gun had been strapped under his car and had come loose.

Richmond recalled that the gun was strapped back under the car, the doctor held sick parade as usual and his parked car was closely watched by B.C. Pen guards.

"After the parade two inmates detached themselves from the group and went to the car to get the gun—one of them was Olson."

Both men were apprehended before they could carry out the escape attempt.

"I've been told that Olson was threatened for about eight years by other inmates," said Richmond, a life director of the John Howard Society. "He was always afraid of a knife in his back."

The doctor plans to do some research work on the Olson case.

"It's a very unusual case," he said. "Normally people like Olson come out of the blue like the Yorkshire Ripper did. But ever since 1957 Olson has been under professional surveillance and no one has spotted the degree of violence of which he's capable. Obviously, he's a psychopath."

Robert Green, now with the provincial corrections branch on Vancouver Island, was working in the custodial department of the Haney Correctional Institute when he met Olson in 1958.

"I remember him as a brash young kid from Richmond," said Green. "He was very manipulative and he liked to put on a big show in front of other people. But when you got him into a corner to remonstrate with him he backed right down.

"He was aggressive with the other inmates, nothing violent, but he was kind of mean and miserable."

Herb Reynett, last director of the B.C. Penitentiary, which closed in 1980, said that Olson was a "protective custody" inmate who had to be kept apart from the other inmates.

"He earned that reputation by his unpredictable treatment of other inmates rather than staff," said Reynett, now warden of Collins Bay prison in Kingston, Ont. "The other inmates had no respect for him whatsoever. He didn't have their respect because he didn't abide by their code of ethics.

"He was always telling stories on other inmates. He was an informer. He was already in protective custody when he informed on Gary Marcoux at his trial."

(Marcoux was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1977 for the murder of a nine-year-old girl in Mission. Information supplied by Olson, who had been in jail with Marcoux, resulted in Marcoux changing his plea from not guilty to guilty.)

Commented Reynett: "Olson was always looking at a deal to better himself so the inmates didn't trust him at all. To tell you the truth, I'm surprised he wasn't killed—even when he got outside. He built up so many enemies within the system amongst the inmates. Obviously, he'll have to be back in protective custody now."

Reynett said Olson liked to brag about his crimes.

"No prisoners formed a friendship with him. Any friends he developed he would start using and then they'd become enemies."

Norm Levi, a former social worker with the John Howard Society and now New Democratic MLA for Maillardville-Coquitlam, remembered Olson in the B.C. Pen.

"He worked in the hospital as an orderly and every time I saw him he was in white," said Levi. "I interviewed him twice when I was at the John Howard Society.

"Olson developed the theory that to screw the system you had to keep it busy and he sure knew how to do that. . . . Olson has many of the characteristics of the profile of a psychopath. He is very charming, very loquacious and very manipulative."

Levi said that early this year he received a letter from Olson, who at the time was remanded in custody on a rape charge. He was released in April when the charge was stayed.

"Olson was having difficulty with family visits and his mail so I spoke to Oakalla on his behalf and wrote back to him," said Levi. "However, the letter was returned to me because he wasn't there any more."

Tom Boyce, a former Oakalla guard and former Golden Gloves boxing champion, remembers Olson in Oakalla last spring.

"He was always in protective custody," said Boyce. "He's a real smooth talker, he has the gift of the gab. He says he was into boxing but I never heard much of him when I was boxing.

"In Oakalla he was just a bigmouth. He said he had businesses going, he owned this and that, he owned property. He was going to sell property to the staff. He's a real nut."

Michael Garcia said during an interview in Oakalla that he spent time in the B.C. Pen with Olson in 1974. He described Olson as an "arrogant kind of guy" and an informer who was disliked by the other inmates.

Garcia, being held in custody on a drug trafficking charge, said he was surprised that Olson stayed in the penitentiary's general population because many prisoners figured someone would try to "get him."

Although Garcia had little personal contact with Olson he recalled running into him once when he started bragging about how easy it is to rape a woman.

"He said things like, 'you just bop them over the head and rape them because they don't put up much of a fight.' Once I heard that I just walked away. The worst thing you can do is start talking to a rape-o."

He said Olson's general attitude when he left Oakalla in April was: "F—— you, I'm going to do it again." Although

Garcia never actually heard Olson use those words, that was the feeling he conveyed to the other inmates before he left.

Garcia said Olson was always demanding special privileges in Oakalla to make things hard for the authorities.

"He was forever writing an MLA or someone in authority to complain about something," he said. For example, said Garcia, Olson obtained an order to have two guards accompany him whenever he left his cell. But he doubted that Olson felt a great need for protection, he just did it to spite the guards—"who all hated his guts."

Garcia said Olson appeared to be a "real family man" because he wrote to his [common-law] wife three or four times a week during his stay in Oakalla and he always walked around wearing a T-shirt with his wife's picture on it.

Garcia also recalled that Olson demanded, and got, several special visits from his wife during his three months in Oakalla this year. The visits were held in a special room and were supervised by the prison chaplain, Rev. Ross Manthorpe. Such visits are usually hard to get because, said Garcia, it's easy for the wife to smuggle something to her inmate husband.

"He was the righteous type of inmate who was always demanding his rights," said Manthorpe. "He wouldn't ask you for something, he'd tell you and then say that if you didn't agree, he'd go to someone higher up."

He said Olson is what is known as a "progressive skinner—he went from voyeurism to indecent assaults to rape and, finally, to murder.

"His attitude changed to . . . fascination with the way Marcoux did the job on his kid. (That was Jeanne Doove, a nine-year-old girl who was found tied to a tree in Mission July 1, 1976. She had died of suffocation and her body was mutilated.)

"Olson feels that a good offence is the best defence. He just kept the place hopping, writing letters to every MP and MLA he can think of. When he comes in here, instead of sort of retreating as the average inmate would . . . he's a very outgoing person."

But in spite of his many years in jail and his unpopularity with both inmates and guards, Olson paid an apparently sentimental visit to the B.C. Pen in 1980 when it was open to the public for a last look before closing down. The last look cost Olson his freedom.

He trooped into the 102-year-old building with thousands of sightseers for a prison tour unaware that there was a Canada-wide warrant out for his arrest. So when he peeked into the cell which had been his home for several years he was recognized by one of his former guards and arrested.

Olson had last been in the B.C. Pen serving four years and nine months for a variety of offences including theft, forgery and false pretences. He was released in June 1978 from the B.C. Pen on mandatory supervision because of good behavior but subsequently served time in Saskatchewan. His nostalgic return to the penitentiary cost Olson another month in Matsqui before his sentence finally expired.

When Olson was once again free to walk the streets of his home town in late summer 1980, he headed immediately for the outer municipalities.

He rented an apartment at the Surrey Village Apartments, 9835 King George Highway, only seven blocks from where one of his murder victims, 12-year-old Christine Weller, was living with her parents at the Bonanza Motel.

According to Gwen Meister, manager of Surrey Village, Olson was then living with the woman he later married—Joan Hale, sometimes known by her previous married name of Joan Berryman.

Meister said Olson rented at Surrey Village from August 1980 until the latter part of January 1981. She said he gave no notice when he suddenly vacated the suite and she later heard he was in jail.

She was right. Olson was in custody from January 8 to April 8 on a rape charge that was later stayed.

At about this time, Olson apparently tried to establish himself in the construction business. He did do some construction work but he liked to pose as a much bigger operator than he really was.

He handed out shiny red and green business cards for companies such as Hale and Olson Construction Ltd. and Olson and Olson Enterprises Ltd. His common-law wife was usually listed as company secretary or treasurer and the man who would later become his brother-in-law, Michael Hale, was sometimes listed as president.

Olson named himself as either president or vice-president.

Olson married Joan at the People's Full Gospel Chapel in Surrey on May 15 shortly after their son, Clifford, was born.

After leaving Surrey and after Olson was released from Oakalla, the couple apparently lived at 675 Whiting Way, Coquitlam. This two-storey building is where Olson's parents live. Olson Sr. is maintenance man for this building and three others (which have some form of joint ownership). Mrs. Olson Sr. is building manager.

But 675 Whiting is an adult-only apartment complex so when the baby was born the Olsons moved around the corner to a modest apartment building at 521 Foster Avenue, Coquitlam. This building, Medallion Court, is also part of the same ownership group.

The couple lived in Suite 508 and soon Olson was doing his usual bragging. He told neighbors he was in the construction business and that he and his father owned most of the apartment buildings in the area.

He had accounts with two different banks in Burquitlam Plaza, Coquitlam, and the manager of one of them recalled Olson this way: "What a talker, but it was nothing but bullshit."

The manager of the other bank is said, by a source, to have "booted Olson out of the door."

"He was always bragging about something," said Debbie Campbell, 26, who lived with her two youngsters, aged four and two, in the apartment underneath the Olsons.

Eighteen-year-old Trevor Madsen, another resident of the building, was not impressed by Olson.

"He was always hustling the girls. He didn't appear to do anything. He had a suntan and a big gut," said Madsen. "He phoned up these two girls (aged about 14 and 15) and asked them to babysit but they wouldn't do it."

Darlene Baines was the only neighbor with good words about Olson.

"He said his father owned all these apartments and he said he was a contractor," she said. "Sometimes he wore work clothes with a carpenter's belt, but mostly suits. He always had a different car. He was in and out all the time. He left in the morning, came back for lunch and then he'd be home for supper.

"He was a nice, friendly person. He wanted me and my husband and kids to go on camping trips with him."

Shortly after Olson was arrested, Joan Olson vacated this apartment and moved, with her baby, to her parents' home in Kitsilano.

"We knew that he served time—everybody knew that. But we were awfully shocked, of course, when we heard about this," said Olson's mother-in-law, Kay Hale, in a front door interview on West 3rd.

The senior Olsons have consistently refused to discuss their son since his arrest and threatened to call the police when visited by a *Sun* reporter.

The end of Olson's murderous summer came August 12 when he was arrested while driving a rented car near Port Alberni on Vancouver Island. Initially he was held only on alleged driving offences but police took him back to the mainland and on August 14 he appeared in Burnaby provincial court on two counts of breaking and entering.

Police then started an intense interrogation of the Coquitlam man. It culminated with the first murder charge (that of Judy Kozma) being laid against Olson on August 20. The following day he was ordered to the forensic psychiatric institution in Coquitlam for a 30-day psychiatric assessment.

Meanwhile, a huge search continued for the missing children who had not been found. And the Crown began requesting stays of proceedings on a string of other charges faced by Olson such as breaking and entering, impaired driving, possession of a dangerous weapon, rape, buggery and indecent assault.

During the last week of August came the grisly discovery of the bodies of five missing youngsters—all found within a 72-hour period from Richmond to Whistler.

On September 1, Olson was charged with eight more counts of first degree murder, bringing the total to nine. On September 15, he again appeared in Burnaby provincial court and special prosecutor John Hall announced that psychiatric assessment had been completed and Olson found fit to stand trial. It was also revealed that Olson had been transferred the previous week to the Lower Mainland Regional Institute (Oakalla).

Back in Oakalla Olson once again resorted to his old pattern of using every possible tactic to improve his jail conditions. He complained about being harassed by inmates and guards and got himself removed to the Burnaby RCMP cells for a brief period at the request of his lawyer, Robert Shantz.

On September 21, the tenth and last first degree murder charge was laid against him. On September 24, he telephoned *Vancouver Sun* reporter Rick Ouston from jail and said he wanted to be placed in a segregated cell. He poured out a string of complaints ranging from lack of bed and running water to accusations that the guards were throwing trash and lighted cigarettes into his cell. But even in the midst of his outrage Olson could not resist talking to Ouston about the murders and then described the location of one of the bodies.

Two days later Shantz got Olson removed to Burnaby again while the B.C. ombudsman, Karl Friedmann, investigated his complaints. This investigation was completed October 1 when Friedmann suggested some minor changes at Oakalla to ease Olson's conditions but said he found no evidence of "systematic harassment" of the accused killer.

Time overtook other complaints about prison life by Olson and he was still in Oakalla when his trial opened in Vancouver on Tuesday. Sitting in the prisoner's dock in the starkly modern courtroom, Olson's behavior was exactly in character: He was always restless, opening and closing his briefcase, taking notes, dropping his pencil, and constantly turning in the box to peer at the crowded public seats.

And on Wednesday, only a day after the trial opened, he dropped the bombshell that had been anticipated by at least one of the lawyers involved in the case. He changed his plea.

He Hunted Down 11 Youngsters While Driving Shiny Rental Cars

By Moira Farrow

In shiny new rented cars driven hard over long distances, Clifford Robert Olson hunted down the 11 youngsters he killed during a nine-month murderous rampage last year.

He drove more than 20,000 kilometres in 14 different cars rented for a total of 94 days.

The RCMP began asking questions about Olson as early as mid-July, by which time he'd killed seven times. But four more youngsters died before they arrested him.

Near the end of the rental odyssey, Olson reacted with fright when a car company manager trying to get a bill paid taunted him with the words "I know your little secret."

The rentals began in November 1980, a few months after Olson was released from jail. There was a three-month pause from January to April when Olson was back in custody on a rape charge. Then the rentals resumed in May and the frenzied pace of Olson's life intensified as summer wore on and the weather became hotter.

When July turned into August, Olson's life was a nightmare of murdered youngsters, burglaries at all hours of the day and night, and as many as three cars rented simultaneously.

The frantic pattern of Olson's driving has been pieced together with information from four companies in the Surrey and Coquitlam areas from which he rented cars.

Although every company remembers his constant talking and boasting about business and travel, Olson's sociability switched instantly to anger if he was ever thwarted.

Interviews with employees at all four companies have revealed that Olson

- Apparently left a bloodstained knife in one car. The weapon wasn't found until after he was arrested.
- Carried a briefcase full of pornographic photographs.
- Was often accompanied by teenagers of both sexes.
- Was such a smooth talker that he upgraded his credit rating with one hour-long telephone call.

According to information obtained by *The Vancouver Sun*, Olson first rented from Econo-Car Rent-A-Car, 15681 Fraser Highway, Surrey, on November 20, 1980. That was two and a half months after he was released from a long jail term and he was living in an apartment building on King George Highway, Surrey.

Helen McMurtrie, general manager of this Econo-Car office, said Olson came to her company because his car was being repaired at a Surrey body shop which had no courtesy cars.

"We picked him up at the body shop and the manager there had already warned me on the phone that he thought Olson was flakey," said McMurtrie. "Actually, Olson wouldn't have qualified for a rental with us because he was self-employed and had no credit card. His phone was in his wife's name, he said, but her name wasn't the same as his which means they were shacked up."

(This was Olson's common-law wife, Joan Hale, whom he married in May 1981.)

However, the rental was arranged because the bill was being paid by the company repairing Olson's car.

"Olson was syrupy nice to me, that's why I remember him" said McMurtrie. "I gave him a green Pinto and next day he phoned and wanted to exchange it for something else because he complained about the brakes or something."

So McMurtrie exchanged the Ford Pinto for a Honda which Olson kept for about 10 days and in which he travelled 1,500 to 2,000 kilometres.

"He brought the car back very dirty, as he did all the cars he rented from me," she said. "He'd obviously been in bushes and on a long trip. I can always tell how far a car has been from the bugs on the windshield and things like that."

On November 28 Olson told McMurtrie that his own car (actually his brother-in-law's) had now been repaired, but he wanted to rent another one anyway. He gave her a shiny green business card which stated that he was president of a company which did house renovations.

McMurtrie then rented Olson an Orange Ford Mustang which he kept for a week and in which he did 3,000 kilometres. By this time, McMurtrie was having a few doubts about Olson, even though he had paid her $200 cash.

"He often had young boys, teenagers, with him and I thought these kids might be working for him but they seemed very young," she said. "I had a young man working for me at the time who looked a little effeminate and Olson suggested they should get together for a drink some time. Luckily, he never went with Olson.

"Olson always had a big wad of money with him and said things like 'no problem, Helen' when I asked him for a deposit. He always called me by my first name and he used it a lot. He was very chatty and said he'd been to Hawaii (a claim Olson made several times which was apparently untrue). But he never said exactly why he needed the cars he rented or where he'd been in them.

"He was the sort of person who is all talk and no substance. That really stood out about him."

On December 22 Olson rented his third car from McMurtrie. It was a white Ford Bobcat in which he travelled 475 kilometres and which he kept until January 2. During the time that Olson had this car, 12-year-old Christine Weller of Surrey was found stabbed to death in Richmond on Boxing Day.

Olson paid for this rental with $100 cash and a cheque but on Boxing Day he paid an additional $200 cash to keep the car over New Year's.

Olson's fourth car from Econo was a white Ford Mustang which he rented from January 5 to 6 and on which he clocked up exactly 400 kilometres.

On January 8 Olson was taken into custody on a rape charge and was not released until April 8 when the charges were stayed because police felt the complainant was an unreliable witness.

After January, McMurtrie didn't see Olson again until June 2 when he rented a red Dodge Aries for 10 days.

"I said it was a long time since I'd seen him and he said he'd been in Hawaii," she recalled. "In the middle of this rental his cheque bounced and he immediately gave me $500 cash. He said he'd moved to Coquitlam and was in the middle of moving his accounts over."

Olson did 1,212 kilometres in this last rental from Econo. He told McMurtrie he was in the market to buy a car "to do a little running around" and was prepared to spend $6,000. But he never did buy a car from her. Olson made exactly the same remarks about buying a car "to go to Disneyland" to another rental company, Budget. But, again, he never followed through with the idea.

The RCMP searched all the cars that McMurtrie rented to Olson and they went to a lot of trouble tracking down several that had been sold.

"There were beer bottles in the Honda when Olson brought it back and the police asked me if there'd been bloodstains in it but I didn't know," said McMurtrie.

George is the manager of the Surrey body shop which referred Olson to Econo-Car and he asked that his full name and the name of his company not be used.

"I first saw Olson some time before last Christmas," said George. "He brought in his brother-in-law's 1975 [Ford] Granada for body repairs because it had been in an accident.

"He was sleazy to say the least. He figured he was on top of the world. He showed me porn pictures of girls about 19 and 20. He had about a dozen of these pictures in his briefcase and he opened the case to show me. He said he was going to California and Hawaii and places like that. But I could tell it was just bullshit."

George identified Olson's brother-in-law as Michael Hale. He said Olson's wife, Joan, and her brother, Hale, "held the purse strings on Olson."

Commented George: "I got the impression that Olson's wife ran everything because everything was in her name. She ran the works and I got the impression she had lots of money. But Hale signed the cheques for the car. Olson didn't seem to have two nickels to rub together—he looked as though he was on an allowance from them."

George sent Olson to Econo-Car for a courtesy car in November, but when Olson reappeared, in July, George's company had its own courtesy cars. So George supplied Olson with a grey Ford Pinto to use while more repairs were done to Hale's car which had been involved in another accident.

"Olson had smashed up his brother-in-law's car again—the whole left side was smashed in," said George.

While Olson was in George's body shop he spotted a luxury Ford LTD worth $18,000 and immediately said he wanted it, although he didn't ask the price.

"He told the sales manager to sign up the papers for him and he'd pick it up," said George. "But he never did pick it up. He was obviously flakey. One time he told me he had a good deal on a car and there was $200 in it for me. I more or less ignored him.

"When Olson came in the second time he had a young blonde girl of about 16 with him. He was feeding her booze all the time—hard liquor. The girl was from Coquitlam and the police told me later she was all right, he hadn't murdered her. Olson told me the girl was his secretary and he was going to Disneyland and she was going to come along and look after the baby. But he was treating her as though he had something different in mind than her being a secretary."

George said he gave Olson the Pinto as a courtesy car on July 2, the day nine-year-old Simon Partington of Surrey went missing.

"I know now from the police that Olson had our car when he picked up Simon," said George. "The car was very dirty, full of peat, when he brought it back a little over a week later."

George was unable to provide the distance travelled by Olson in this car because of some confusion over paperwork in his office.

Olson first did business with Budget Rent A Car, 323 North Road, Coquitlam, on May 1 and between then and the day he was arrested he rented five cars from this company.

His relations with Budget were always friendly because he paid cash and never gave them a cheque which bounced. But at the same time as he was renting from Budget, Olson also obtained cars from Metro Rent-A-Car, 2505 Lougheed Highway, Port Coquitlam. With this company, Olson's behavior was totally different. He bounced several cheques, told lies and threatened to have the manager fired.

Ben Wevers, general manager of Budget in Coquitlam, said Olson rented a three-quarter ton panel truck from him on May 1 and kept it for 24 hours. He travelled 285 kilometres in that time.

At this company, Olson handed out a shiny red business card with the wording "Olson and Olson Enterprises Ltd., land development, real estate, custom houses." The address on the card was 508-521 Foster Avenue, Coquitlam, Olson's home address when he was arrested.

"On May 27 Olson came in again and rented a red [Oldsmobile] Omega until June 2," said Wevers. "This time he had an address on Whiting Way, Coquitlam [where Olson's parents lived]."

Wevers said there was a problem qualifying Olson for a car rental, which is more difficult to obtain than a truck rental. He said Olson claimed to be self-employed, running his own business of managing apartment buildings.

However, a phone call to Olson's wife reassured Wevers and the rental agreement was made. On May 30 Olson brought the car back and extended the rental to June 2 with $100 cash. His wife came with him when he renewed the rental and this was the first time Wevers met her.

"She seemed very dominant, she didn't take any guff from him and she was with him quite often," said Wevers. "I got the impression that he needed the cars for his wife because he was going out of town on business."

"It always struck me as strange that Olson brought the cars back clean. He said to me once, 'I even washed it for you.' Not many people wash the cars before bringing them back."

While Olson had this car an 18-year-old woman was raped in Surrey and he was later charged with the offence. After he returned this car to Budget he immediately rented another car from Econo-Car in Surrey. And the same day that he returned the Econo-Car, June 12, he rented a third car from Budget. This was a white AMC Concord and Olson had put 431 kilometres on it when he returned it June 15.

"Olson didn't ask for big, fancy cars but he never took the cheapest model either," said Wevers. "Olson was always very talkative, sometimes you couldn't shut him up. He loved to talk and we were soon on first name terms."

On July 8 Olson rented his fourth car from Budget. It was a Chevrolet Citation and he put 493 kilometres on it in two days. While Olson had this car 14-year-old Judy Kozma of New Westminister disappeared. And while Olson had the Citation he also had the Ford Pinto courtesy car and another rental car from a different Coquitlam company.

On August 7 Olson rented his last car from Budget. It was a beige Mercury Lynx, the smallest car he had ever rented from Budget, and he came in twice to extend the agreement.

"On August 10 he paid $150 to extend the rental to August

14 and he brought his wife and baby boy in with him," said Wevers. "He put the baby on the counter and was joking and playing with it. All the staff knew him by then."

But while Olson played the happy family man to Wevers and his staff—chattering about taking the baby to Disneyland—his activities were becoming more and more frenzied.

On August 7 he broke into a senior citizens' home in Burnaby, dropped off a rental car overnight in Coquitlam, rented another car from Budget. And within the next few days he paid off some car rentals, extended others and broke into several homes from Vancouver to Burnaby.

Wevers got his first hint that Olson was not the upright citizen he pretended to be when the RCMP called him about August 8 and asked if he had a spare set of keys to the Lynx car Olson was then driving. The keys were supplied to the Mounties and Wevers got the impression they were concerned only about a gun in Olson's car.

When the Mounties returned the keys Wevers was reassured. But on August 14 he heard Olson's name mentioned on a television newscast and learned that he had been arrested on Vancouver Island for driving offences. Wevers realized that Olson had been driving the rented Budget car at the time. Next day Wevers was interviewed by the RCMP and all the cars Olson had rented were taken away to be searched.

"I got the impression from the police that they'd been watching Olson for quite a time," said Wevers. "The car they wanted to search really badly was the Citation. It had been rented out to someone else by then and the police found the guy, took the car from him and I rented the man another car."

Wevers' counter assistant, Sue Clewlow, described how shocked the Budget staff were when Olson was arrested.

"We couldn't believe it was him because he was so friendly, he had such charm," she said. "We all wear name tags and he used my name every third word. His baby was everything to him."

In July Olson rented his first car from Metro Rent-A-Car

Ltd., 2505 Lougheed Highway, Port Coquitlam. In the 29 days he rented from this company he did 10,500 kilometres in three different cars. But at this company Olson did not make friends. He wrote so many bad cheques for Metro that there were often heated exchanges between him and the staff.

Metro's rental manager, Dan Dumoulin, said Olson first came into his office July 7 and said he wanted to rent a car for his wife. Dumoulin said Olson was driving a "flashy new car" at the time, a blue General Motors product, which also looked like a rental car.

According to *The Sun*'s research, Olson only had a grey Ford Pinto at this time. But it's possible that he rented cars from more than the four companies traced by *The Sun*.

Olson obtained a Ford Escort from Metro on July 7. This was the same day that a 16-year-old Surrey girl was indecently assaulted—an offence with which Olson was later charged.

"Olson left a $200 deposit in cash and also insisted on leaving a blank cheque, which I thought was odd," said Dumoulin. "He came back about two hours later with his wife to pick up the car. She was in her forties and I'd describe her as homely. Olson said he wanted the car for about a week but he didn't say why."

When Olson first visited the Metro office he was wearing a suit and a pink shirt. Stamped on his cheque was the name of a company, Hale and Olson Construction Company Ltd., King George Highway, Surrey.

Dumoulin's assistant is a young woman who did not want her real name used in this story because she has two youngsters and is afraid of reprisals if Olson leaves jail. So her pseudonym is Shirley.

"I thought Olson was the owner of the construction company because he had a briefcase and opened a wallet that was absolutely full of money," she said.

But on his second visit to Metro Olson was casually dressed in cutoffs and wearing a carpenter's belt full of tools which he placed on the counter.

"When I thought of those kids being killed I thought of those tools and it made me sick," said Shirley. "Olson looked like Joe Worker when he came in the second time and I was surprised at the change in his looks."

Nearly a week after Olson rented the Ford Escort, Dumoulin phoned Olson's bank and asked if he could fill in the blank cheque for $500. Olson's bank in Burquitlam Plaza, Coquitlam, said no. The bank also said no to $300, $200 or $100.

"Apparently he had nothing in his account," said Dumoulin.

On July 14 the car was due back but Olson didn't show up until July 15 when he claimed he'd tried to drop the car off on July 13 at 8:30 a.m. but there was no one in the office.

"That was a lie because I'd been in the office at 8 a.m. that day," said Dumoulin.

The returned car had front-end damage and Olson claimed it had been done on Metro's lot by a body shop customer backing up. That claim, said Dumoulin, was also a lie. Olson was charged, and paid, the $100 deductible insurance charge for the damage repairs.

But by this time Olson owed Metro more than $500 so he wrote a cheque for the amount and rented a Ford Escort Wagon.

The date was July 15 and it was about this time that the RCMP phoned Dumoulin to ask about Olson's rental activities. By July 15, the bodies of two slain youngsters had been found and five were reported missing. But Olson was to go on and kill four more youngsters before he was arrested.

The police questioning made Dumoulin suspect that Olson must be involved in a drug case. The possibility that Olson might be a murderer never occurred to him.

On July 16 Olson's cheque bounced so Dumoulin telephoned him and used the pretext that something was wrong with the car in order to get him into the office. Olson said he couldn't come because he was going to Port Angeles, Washington, but Dumoulin pretended that the matter was really urgent and Olson arrived in half an hour.

Dumoulin then confronted Olson with the bounced cheque and Olson immediately got on the telephone to a company called Telecheque Canada which underwrites cheques for businesses for a fee.

With his credit rating updated, Olson was in business again and immediately rented a different Ford Escort Wagon from Metro. But about a week later his cheque to Metro bounced again and Dumoulin phoned him and told him to bring the car in. Olson phoned back and said he'd be in July 31.

During this latter part of July the missing children case was intensifying. On July 23 Raymond King Jr. vanished, on July 25 Judy Kozma's body was found, on July 30 Louise Chartrand disappeared.

Olson didn't come in July 31—he was in Surrey provincial court on the indecent assault charge—but promised to return on August 3. On August 1 Terri Lyn Carson was last seen at a hotel on the King George Highway, Surrey. And by this time the police told Dumoulin they wanted the car as soon as Olson turned it in.

"On August 3 Olson phoned and said he was in Port Angeles and could not make it in," said Dumoulin. "He promised to come in Friday August 7 and bring money with him."

By now Olson owed Metro a total of $950 and Dumoulin was getting very angry. He was reporting all his conversations with Olson to the police.

On August 7 Olson had a busy day. In the early hours of the morning he robbed a senior citizens' home of $500 during a break-in. He dropped the Ford Escort off at Metro's office before it opened. And he rented a car from Budget.

When Dumoulin found that the Escort had been left in Metro's lot early August 7 he phoned Olson's home and told his wife the police would be called about the bounced cheque if Olson didn't come in by 1 p.m.

"I thought that would scare him," said Dumoulin. "He owed us nearly $1,000 by then because his mileage was so great.

In 29 days of rental with us he travelled 10,500 kilometres. In the last six days of the rental in August he did 5,300 kilometres. In one of the Escort Wagons towards the end of July he did 450 kilometres in one day.

"He got angry when we told him he'd done such high mileage. He asked to have the odometer checked and he insisted it must be malfunctioning. But there was nothing wrong with it."

On the afternoon of August 7 Olson telephoned Metro but only Shirley was in. He shouted and swore at her and said he would get Dumoulin fired.

"It was f—— this and f—— that," said Shirley.

Olson then phoned Dumoulin's boss who runs the adjoining big Ford sales office. This man knew nothing of Dumoulin's problems with Olson and agreed to let Olson come in August 12 and pay his bill by MasterCard credit card.

"I don't think Olson had a MasterCard," said Dumoulin. So he called Olson back on August 10 and again left a message with Olson's wife saying that the bill must be paid immediately in cash.

On the afternoon of August 10, Olson and Dumoulin had a slanging match on the telephone. Olson threatened to get Dumoulin fired. Dumoulin told him he was crazy. At one point in the conversation Dumoulin tried to frighten Olson by saying he knew "a little secret," he knew what Olson had been carrying in his car.

Dumoulin, of course, thought Olson had illegal drugs in the car. The thought that Olson might have had a body in the car never crossed his mind.

But Olson reacted as though he'd been stung.

"He said, 'What do you mean?' He was very agitated," said Dumoulin. "He suddenly stopped shouting and said we should not be fighting over 'chickenshit.' So I said if the money was [such a small amount] to him why was he making such a fuss over paying it."

Dumoulin then said he would call the police and tell them he knew what Olson was carrying in his car if he didn't bring the money in immediately. The effect was electric. Olson suddenly became polite and pleasant.

"He said he'd be in with the money and he told me to have a good day," said Dumoulin.

On August 11, the same day he broke into at least two houses in Vancouver, Olson arrived at Metro with $950 cash and his baby.

"He kept bouncing the baby on his knee and saying, over and over again, 'he's just a little one,'" said Dumoulin. "He also said he'd be in again soon to buy a car from me."

But Olson was never seen at Metro again. On August 14 Dumoulin heard Olson's name on the news and the police picked up the two Ford wagons which Olson had rented.

Then on September 2 Dumoulin happened to look under the front seat of a car which he is "75 per cent certain" was rented by Olson. Shirley is positive that Olson had used this car. It was the Ford Escort, the first car Olson had rented from Metro on July 7.

"I found a knife with stains on it that looked like blood and hair inside the blade," said Dumoulin. "It was a pocket knife with two blades that fold in, one two-and-a-half inches long and the other about an inch long. The car had only been rented to a pizza company since Olson rented it.

"I told the police and they came and picked up the car and the knife immediately. They hadn't known that Olson had rented this car so they hadn't searched it before I found the knife."

The police had some final words for Shirley. They told her she was "bloody lucky" she had never driven Olson home—as she often drives customers home when a rental ends.

"Olson had asked me what days I worked in the office by myself and then he only came in on those days," she said. "He asked me about my kids, how old they were, and if I was happy in my job. He offered me a job shampooing carpets at $10 an hour in two apartment buildings he said he owned behind the Lougheed Mall. Thank heavens I never took him up on the offer."

Talking to a Killer: He Was Glib and Slick

By Rick Ouston

It was another of the 30 or so phone calls I'll get on an average day.

"Hello, this is Rick Ouston," I said.

"Rick," said the voice on the end of the line. "It's Cliff. Cliff Olson." Then he laughed.

For someone who prides himself on always knowing what to say to the subject of an interview, I was speechless. All I could say was, "Well, I sure didn't expect to hear from you."

He laughed again. "They don't know I'm talking to you. They think I'm talking to my lawyer." This was Olson's first public statement. His lawyer, Bob Shantz, had instructed him and his wife Joan not to speak to the press.

I had gotten this far by going through Joan. Acting on Shantz's instructions, Joan had refused to discuss her life with her husband, but I visited her at least a dozen times since Clifford was charged with the first murder August 21. Each visit, she opened up a little more, until finally she agreed to pass on a letter to her husband.

But for herself, she wouldn't talk.

"I wouldn't be very good company," she said in one of the few glimpses she allowed into her life. "I'm off in my own little world, my own little dream world, you know?"

She spends most of her time sitting at the kitchen table in her parents' home in Kitsilano, and looking after her baby, Clifford Jr. He's actually Clifford Olson III, as her husband was Junior to his own father.

The family shut the curtains on their Kitsilano home Thursday after learning that Olson had pleaded guilty to 11 murders.

Joan wouldn't come to the door. In fact, there was no indication that she is still living at the house—except for a crumpled box of disposable diapers in the trash can in the front yard.

Early Thursday evening, however, a man describing himself as her minister left the house after saying he'd met with her.

He said Joan was up all night Wednesday, but that she has taken the news "a lot better" than he thought she would.

The man said Joan may speak to the press at another time. "But not today."

In earlier conversations, Joan's most striking detail was that her voice and body don't match. She talks quietly, whispers, in a girlish voice that belies her 41 years.

She's a tiny woman. Not petite, just short, about five feet. She wears her light brown hair harshly curled and permed, not a strand out of place, in a style 15 years out of date. She cries a lot lately, and carries a hanky within easy reach.

She's confused. When I told her that I wanted to know how she met her husband, how they fell in love, her red-rimmed eyes opened wide, she straightened up and smiled, no longer leaning on the door frame.

"Yes. Yes. That would be good, wouldn't it?" she said. But still, she wouldn't talk.

"I don't know anything about the, uh, criminal, uh, crime . . ." she trails off. "At least, I don't think I know anything."

When she looks at her baby she smiles, almost a beatific smile. That's all she's got left, the baby. That's all that's constant. The rest is confusing, the things they say about her husband. And she doesn't understand.

She visits Clifford every chance she gets.

Her mother Kay is just as reticent. She plays the organ at church, and the piano at the home she shares with her 72-year-old husband, a former construction man who hasn't been able to work since a bone disease made him rely on a walker or a pair of canes almost 20 years ago.

"We don't know anything," Kay said. "No one has told us anything. All we know is what we've seen in the papers."

Asked how the family was handling the situation, she said: "Every day it hurts. Inside, it's tearing us apart. I mean, we didn't know anything about it."

Kay Hale obviously didn't enjoy talking about the gruesome killings. But not Clifford Olson—at least not when he phoned me.

"Look," he said. "There's some things you should be asking. Like, why haven't they charged [name deleted] with the rape of that Kozmo girl, Judy Kozmo? That was the guy who was last seen with her July 9."

He was referring to 14-year-old Judy Kozma, whose nude body was found July 25 near Weaver Creek by Agassiz. She had been stabbed 19 times.

"Why haven't you guys written that?" he asked.

I told him I had never heard of the man.

(Police later said that the man was not involved in the murders. It appeared, said a police officer who asked not to be identified, that Olson was "out to get" another Oakalla inmate by trying to involve him.)

"Why haven't you been writing where they [the police] are looking for the last two bodies?" Olson asked. I told him that the police had not yet disclosed the location of the bodies.

He went on to give road directions to where the bodies of Colleen Daignault and Sandra Wolfsteiner would be found. The directions were graphic, explicit, and showed a good knowledge of the areas.

He talked fast, staccato. He sounded as if he had given those directions before. In fact, he had—to the police.

He jumped from topic to topic. He sounded glib, slick, like a con trying to prove he's tough and important.

He noted that Oakalla authorities had not allowed me in to see him, adding: "Yeah, Joan told me."

He complained that he was on a prison tier with "five other guys. . . . I'm locked up 22 hours a day, only one hour for exercise between eight and nine in the morning and five to six at night.

"I'm sleeping on the floor, you know. I've got no bed. I've got a mattress, but no bed. I'm in here all day. I've got no running water, I've got no light in my cell. They've put this mirror up on the end of the cell, so they can watch what I'm doing, so they can watch me take a shit."

In the past two weeks, he said, "one guard grabbed me from behind and another threw a cigarette, a lit cigarette, in my face." He said the other inmates had thrown food, water, cigarettes and trash into his cell.

"I want to be segregated from other inmates," he said.

He said that two investigating RCMP officers "have said that they can guarantee me absolute segregation anywhere in the province, only on one condition—that they get two more bodies. Now, I don't know of any more bodies," he said.

I asked him who the bodies were.

"They said they wanted Bjerky [Verna Bjerky, the 17-year-old girl who went missing from Yale on May 2] and one other."

Who was the other?

"I don't know. They haven't given me a name," he said.

I asked him if he had cooperated with the police.

"They didn't come up with 10 f——ing bodies for nothing, you know what I'm saying? Before I could ask if "nothing" meant simply that he had cooperated, or that he had demanded and received money for his knowledge, he began talking again.

"Now," he said, "you write the story, and send it to me. Spring for a buck and a quarter and send it registered mail, you know, that's a buck and a quarter, and that way it'll get to me. I'm number 286066 in Oakalla. That's my number. You send that to me, then we'll talk some more.

"I just can't stand the treatment. It's the mental pressure that they're putting on me," he said.

That's the last I heard from Olson. I wrote a story about the phone call, about Olson's complaints about his treatment, but could not include his comments on the police investigation, as that could have developed into a contempt of court charge.

The day the story appeared, Olson was transferred to the

Burnaby RCMP lock-up. He was placed back in Oakalla the next week, after Ombudsman Karl Friedmann investigated his complaints and found that Olson was undergoing no extraordinary hardships.

But when I went to see him in Oakalla October 7, he refused to talk. The guard who passed on my request for a visit told me that Olson mentioned another criminal case that *The Sun* was investigating involving Gary Marcoux, who pleaded guilty to the rape-murder of a nine-year-old girl in Mission in 1976.

Olson still refuses to talk to reporters.

Interview with Moira Farrow

I looked up a dictionary definition of "enterprise" because, although I think I know what I mean by enterprise reporting, I'm not too sure of the definition. What struck me was that the word that kept coming up most often was "energy" . . . "readiness to engage in what requires daring or energy" . . . "bold, energetic spirit" . . . "originality of thought and energy." Obviously the Sun *marshalled a great deal of energy for the Olson story, and Clark Davey, the publisher, says that you were the key person in coordinating this huge concentration of talent and effort. Before we look at how that was done, I wonder if you could remember for me the news context in which this story took place. How did you feel about it at the time?*

Well, it was very exciting. I don't think Vancouver has had a murder story like that ever before. It was certainly not my field—so I was astonished when the managing editor sort of asked me to take charge of the team. And frankly, I hate to admit it, I enjoyed it. It was a bit like Agatha Christie doing the detective work. But the actual breaking news was quite extraordinary. We were up to three press conferences a day by the RCMP—and you know how keen the RCMP are to give press conferences! It was terribly hot. These children were disappearing. There was a sort of panic. You know how a community will panic in circumstances like that before the arrest. I suppose, as a Brit . . . we have many Brits at the *Sun*, and we were always joking that Canada could never produce a murderer like our British murderers. And suddenly we had it on our own doorstep.

How would you describe the story in terms of news value?

Oh, I think—it's a horrible thing to say—but I think mass murderers always are a great, great story. People will revile you for reporting it. We've had, in the last little while, a lot of that, and I understand why people are fed up.

You mean people say, "Stop"?

"We don't want to hear any more." I think the people were appreciative of what we produced in The Olson File because there was enormous interest in it. But unfortunately Olson has not crawled away and never been heard from again. He made this macabre visit to B.C., and letters to every reporter in this country—and we have reported some of that. Since Olson's been in jail, every time we've had a story mentioning him we get people phoning cancelling subscriptions.

So people are fascinated with violence—but only to a point. You're really caught, in a story like this, on the fine line between its social value and pandering. Where is the line?

I don't know where the line is. It's very hard to draw. You can only play it by ear. You really can. I know we've done some things wrong. But you're up against the fact that the public will read the story, and then they will phone up and cancel the subscription. They want it.

So in hindsight, you feel you probably did a pretty good job.

Yes, I think we did, actually. He was an easy man in a way to trace by his footsteps, because he has such an extrovert personality that everybody who had ever met him remembered him. He was not your classic little grey man murderer at all, whose mom says, "He was a nice boy at home," and the neighbours say, "I would never have guessed." Everywhere that Olson went, whether it was into a car-rental place, and he did that constantly, or to church, which he did in the middle of murdering a bunch of children, everybody remembered him, because he never stopped talking. He figured he charmed people. He was an unbelievable character and so everybody had a recollection of him.

That certainly comes through very strongly in the stories. This was an incredible personality.

And it continues to be, yes. I've got a pile of letters this thick from him.

Does he regard you now as his publicity agents? I suppose in his mind this is all terrific stuff.

Oh, yes. He wrote and congratulated us on the newspaper award.

Tell me how The Olson File developed.

The police had realized there was a link between the missing children and that they were looking for one particular suspect in a whole bunch of murders—which took a little while, because you had different sexes and different ages. It was a very difficult job. Frankly, I'm of the school that thinks the RCMP did a super job. I know there is a great debate over that but I think they did wonderfully. The managing editor said, would you coordinate doing a sort of package? He asked Rick Ouston to help me, and then really he said, "You can use any resources that you want." We even used the religion editor at one point. This was after

Olson had been arrested and named. We were doing the classic newspaper biog story: Who is this man? We knew he was a local. Where did he go to school? Who were his friends at school? We went out to his neighbourhood. We did all those normal things. We even found his birth announcement in the *Vancouver Sun* in 1940. We were very conscious of security too. We did it all on those floppy disks because we were afraid of the *Province* [the sister paper with which the *Sun* shares printing facilities, but competes editorially--Ed.] having a look at our system. We didn't keep it in our own computer, you know, alive in the computer.

I wonder if you could trace in detail some of the different lines of investigation.

The car rental story was interesting. One of our copy boys happened to have a buddy who worked in a car rental outfit. He told us that his buddy had said he rented a car to Olson once. So I went out to that firm and they were talkative as anything. They wanted their names changed. The girl did—she was afraid he was going to get out of jail and attack her one day. And then each car rental company seemed to lead to another one because Olson had talked so much. He'd say, "Well, I rented from so-and-so last week," etc. And then I just phoned every car rental company in an enormous area.

It was a marvellous piece of detective work and also was a marvellous piece, I think, of persuasion—because you got a lot of these people to talk to you, and I would think many of them would be reluctant. The one girl wanted her name held, but a lot of them gave you their names and so forth.

Yes, they did. At that stage Olson was arrested and he was a Vancouver sensation. Put it that way. I think some of the people kind of wanted to talk. You know how it is often.

How long, as an example, were you working on that particular story?

Oh, probably three or four weeks, that one, and I know there are still a couple of car rental companies that I never found.

But while you were doing that, you were doing a lot of other things.

Yes. Doing the bread-and-butter things like phoning school teachers, phoning school boards, trying to get the names of children in classes, going out to see contemporaries of his who still lived in the Vancouver area. Talking to a lot of people at the race track—he'd hung around there for a while. And tracking down his church took ages. I can't even quite remember how. . . . We had a tip that he'd got married in an evangelical four-square gospel chapel, and it was within a certain distance of one of his victim's houses. We brought in the religion editor there. I think we must have checked every gospel chapel in the Fraser Valley before we actually found that one.

But when you did, the man actually opened up and talked to you?

Oh, he was difficult! Oh, my God, he was difficult! I thought I wasn't going to succeed.

I had to use every technique I could think of on him. I spent about three-quarters of an hour with him. I think I used the approach mostly that we owed it to the parents of these children to finally tell the complete story, and if there was any particular thing about his church that he didn't want mentioned, I would respect that. He still didn't tell me absolutely everything. But he did talk. After all, he'd married the guy. Rick did more of the criminal investigation stuff, which was tracking down the people who he'd been in jail with.

How did you find them?

Checking back his criminal record. The criminal record took an awfully long time to put together. I naively thought that all you had to do, the RCMP had to do, was press the button on their computer and up came his criminal record. To my astonishment, it doesn't work that way because of federal and provincial jails, and this ruddy mandatory supervision. And he had such a long criminal career that it took, oh . . . it took two weeks, I think, before we had that down virtually complete. Even then we had a few doubts about some of the mandatory supervision releases, when he was out on the street.

It's an astonishing record. He was running concurrent criminal careers.

Yes. But he'd had no conviction for a sexual offence. He'd been arrested, but often it was a young boy or a young girl who didn't press the charge. So that's why the police had really no criminal sexual assault record. He didn't come up in their files as convicted originally. That's why it took them a little while to make him a suspect.

You did get some cooperation from the police, obviously. It's sometimes hard to get anything from them. How did you manage that?

Well, they were very good up to a point. After a very short while they coordinated absolutely everything through Superintendent Northrop. So we had problems with the outlying police in the Fraser Valley. As soon as you mentioned the name Olson they would tell you to phone head office. They were terrified of saying anything.

What about the policemen who'd had him in their hands, and he had been released? They must have been extremely reluctant to talk to you.

No, wait a minute, the one that was particularly good was up in Squamish. He felt that charges should have been pressed in an assault case and he felt if they had, Olson would have been in jail and wouldn't have been able to commit an awful lot of the murders. But then you speak to the deputy attorney-general, and I remember his words in that one. He said, "I know a good rape when I see one. And that wouldn't have stuck in court." But the Mountie was very, very resentful and as much as a Mountie will talk, he did.

To get back to the nuts and bolts, which are fascinating, I'd be interested in the procedure you used. I was just looking at the group byline, all these people at one time or another who were working on the story. How did you coordinate it? What did you do each day?

It wasn't that formal. Rick and I worked on it nearly all the time for several months. We just pulled in people when we needed them. Phil Needham, for instance. We had a big calendar of that year. As we got dates we asked him to enter them—dates of murders, dates of all the other events in Olson's life—when he was married, when his child was baptized, when he'd, in between the murders, assaulted people and didn't murder them. . . . That wasn't my idea. That was the city editor's idea. Our religion editor went searching for gospel chapels.

Gillian Shaw and Wendy Long did super work. I think they had only just come on permanent staff from journalism school and they were our bereaved parents team. Every time we got a body identified or we knew there was a child missing, they went and saw the parents. They were able to go back to the parents after, say, a child's body had been found. Sometimes these parents were so shook up they were refusing the news media, but not these girls. Because they had really developed a very good rapport with a lot of the parents. I shouldn't say girls, it's women these days, but that's what they were, charming girls. And I think it helped having the two of them together and frankly I think it helped that they were female. They are both gentle sorts of girls. It's a difficult job. They were very new to journalism. And they did a very good job. I felt badly sometimes saying, "You've got to go again, girls."

How many times did they do that?

Maybe fifteen times. Sometimes they had to visit a parent three times, and then a lot of them were difficult families. That's why the kids were hitch-hiking in a lot of cases. Except for about three, they were mostly problem families on welfare, mothers who just had not seen the child for three days. That added to the police's confusion. You know, the kid had been seen in a beer parlor three days earlier so the police said she was a runaway and Mom said she wasn't—but you couldn't really blame the police.

What did some of the other reporters do?

Well, Paul Musgrove is interested in crime and he was very good. He works at night but he was very good at threading together the different names of all the girls who were missing, when they had gone missing, and fitting them into our timeframe. And were they possible extra victims? And looking up people's records.

What did he do, start another chart?

He used to leave great long memos. I used to give him maybe a name of a girl. He keeps files of his own aside from our library files. And he'd go back in his files at night and check out whether so-and-so could be a possible victim, because, you see, we had a lot of possible victims as well.

Just people who were missing?

Who were missing, yes. There's a whole bunch of murders up in the interior of the province that are still unsolved. The

Highways Murders. I think Olson probably committed several of those.

Then, of course, there are always people who are *simply missing.*

Yes. We have had a new missing boy story I wrote only about two or three months ago. His mother phoned me out of the blue and said, "I think my son was an Olson victim." And I think she's right.

So this story will go on happening, despite your desire to have it tied up.

Unfortunately, yes.

Because Olson had been charged, very little about him could be reported—except legal proceedings—until the case was disposed of, and you didn't know when that would be. You were operating this huge editorial enterprise with no notion of what your deadline was.

We were always apprehensive that something might happen and we'd need it right then. That was always in the back of our minds. We knew when the trial was set for. But all the conventional wisdom was that he was going to get bumped off in jail.

What was your routine? How did you remember things?

We lived on notes to each other, and all around the office, for what seemed like months, trying to remember who was checking out which angle. We weren't the super organizers we would like to believe. But more or less it worked very well.

Did you write yourself notes as well?

I kept a huge great loose-leaf folder.

How was it organized?

Badly. Mostly it was hand-written notes. We had all the names and phone numbers of the parents, the names and phone numbers of all the Mounties, and the names and phone numbers of anyone like the prosecutor, and VDT notes, hand-written notes, typewritten notes all together. And everybody else had the same, I think, in their particular little area. We started writing special Olson lists after awhile of all people involved in it. We lived on lists.

You mentioned luck.

An example of luck was that I got along very well with John Hall, the prosecutor, and that helped a lot. He's a very laconic individual. He used to call Olson "Our Cliffy" all the time. Very, very sharp guy, and I just knew him socially, faintly. He blew it once and didn't tell us about a court appearance or an extra charge or something that I felt he should have done, and I really tore a strip off him. He took it, much to my astonishment. After that he never failed to let us know. He would tip us off if there was going to be some development.

What about the $100,000 cash-for-graves payment to Olson's family?

That was absolutely extraordinary. We'd had several anonymous phone tips and one of our gossip columnists had been told it. I frankly admit I didn't believe it. And I had no intention of phoning the attorney-general and asking him. I just thought it was beyond belief. I remember [managing editor] Bruce Larsen came up to me and said: "Moira, we can't ignore it any more. You've got to phone the AG." And I thought, jeepers! You know, the things you do in this profession! I really remember now making that phone call—I didn't get him; I got his deputy—and saying, really embarrassed: "Look, I really hate to ask you this,

this is the most asinine question, but you know we have to do our job," the old line. "Did you pay Olson $100,000 to locate those bodies?" And he said, "Your information is correct." I nearly fainted. And then he said, "Off the record."

What happened then? What did you do with it? You had to sit on it for a while, did you?

We did, and I suppose that will be one of the great long debates in Canadian journalism—whether we should have or whether we shouldn't. My dear friend Fotheringham and I have argued this until . . .

He thinks you shouldn't have?

Publish and be damned!

How long before he changed his plea did you have that story?

We had that story, I think, three months before the trial started.

All locked up and sitting there on your floppy disk.

Yes. We didn't have a great deal of detail at that stage. We didn't know who the money had gone to exactly. We found out later it was a trust fund in Mrs. Olson's name.

The convincing argument to you was that you'd mess up the trial and he'd get off, was it?

Yes, that's what our lawyers said.

As I read the stories, I thought what they were saying was, we would have taken a chance on being in contempt of court but we wouldn't take a chance on the possible effect—of liberating the monster.

That's right. I came around to that. At the time for a couple of days it was agonizing. I was afraid that somebody else wouldn't have the scruples that we did and that they would publish it. That's what we were worried about. We thought that some radio station was going to blast it.

Is there something that stands out as the strongest positive point of all this coverage in these thirty-odd stories?

I think we did paint a pretty faithful portrait of the man. I think that's really what our job was—to make the public aware of the sort of person he was and how it could happen.

That's what I got from it as a reader. This guy absolutely lives. He's such an awful person!

In the last three letters he's written to me he said he didn't like the grab shot that we've been using of him. It's a great grab shot, actually, in handcuffs. He was planning to have a portrait taken, he said—he's writing this from Kingston Pen. So I write back. I write back about one line or two to him every time only because one day I think he is going to be so bored that he might actually tell the truth—because I'm convinced there are at least three more. So that's the only reason why I would write back to him. I write "Yours truly." I won't even write "Sincerely." So two days ago, just before I left to come to Toronto, there's this letter with this photograph inside. I've got it here—taken with an Instamatic. And there is Cliffy, clutching a radiator and looking out of, as one of my colleagues said, those great big brown eyes.

Columns

John Slinger, Toronto Star

John (Joey) Slinger started in journalism at his home-town newspaper, the *Guelph Mercury*, having dropped out of Queen's University. After a while, feeling that he should "get a degree in something," he enrolled in Carleton University's three-year Journalism course, stayed a year, and dropped out again—this time into a staff job at the Canadian Press. When CP transferred him to Winnipeg, he left, he says, as quickly as he could, landing a job in Victoria as city editor of the *Times*. He disliked what he calls "demi-management," so he left for a general-assignment reporting job at the *Globe and Mail*. He worked as the *Globe*'s Queen's Park bureau chief and Vancouver bureau chief, spent a year as a story editor on the CBC's *This Country in the Morning*, was the founding author of the *Toronto Sun*'s gossip column, and edited the *Toronto Star*'s *City* magazine.

Now aged 39, he has written four columns a week since September 1979 for the *Star*, where, he says, the traditional news-desk literalists have become accustomed, after some initial battles, to his ironical style. His columns, the NNA judges said, reflect "an ability to use and express down-to-earth common sense, and a talent for commenting on off-beat and often unreported incidents."

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Bill Davis Could Be an Even Better Host

As a diplomatic courtesy, Bill Davis, the premier, is permitting our bars to remain open an extra two hours so the delegates to the International Monetary Fund conference won't get the impression that people in Ontario live under some kind of repressive regime.

He is also selling the world bankers tax-free booze so that after a hard day of staving off intergalactic economic collapse they can drink themselves comatose without suffering the personal economic collapse the good citizens of Ontario suffer when they try to do the same.

He explained he was doing this because some of the Moolah Moguls come from countries where the laws governing such things are different and he wants them to feel at home. That is to say, when in Toronto the Romans would still prefer to do as the Romans do.

Some of the natives are upset about this. What the devil, they say. Here is Bill Davis, that paragon of rectitude, or words not even vaguely to that effect, saying there will be two laws in his domain, one for the rich and powerful and one for the rest of us. He must think we are chopped liver.

Pas de tout. Not at all. Bill Davis is just a terrific host and is probably disappointed that there wasn't time to do more to show that our humble province is the equal of the great countries from which the financial wizards have come.

It's too bad he didn't get a chance to legalize prostitution for the week they are here. A lot of these countries have state-run whorehouses and the premier, doubtless, had he thought of it, would have reserved a hotel and filled the rooms with shady ladies who could make sure the delegates don't want for affection.

And think of the chance he missed to waive the laws on pornography. How much more comfortable some of our visitors would have been to find a stack of hard-core publications beside the Gideons in their bureaus. Some of them, perhaps, are accustomed to making their own, so it's a shame they can't phone room service and order up a couple of speed freaks and a Polaroid to ease the burdens of their deliberations. Surely the Humane Society would be eager to go along and not protest when a Doberman pinscher was enlisted in the cause.

But these are mere delights of the flesh, recreational pastimes some delegates have long been accustomed to in their home countries. We want them to feel that Toronto does more than emulate them in the realms of good times.

For instance, in some of their countries it is considered bad form for women to walk around with their faces uncovered; in some places, indeed, it is an offence. A good host, as Bill Davis is certainly striving to be, would go a long mile in this direction and arrange to have women publicly flogged for not wearing veils.

That would have been a nice touch at last night's flashy reception on the lawn at Queen's Park. Between sips of Ontario champagne and mouthfuls of fried shrimp, the premier could have called his wife to the platform, introduced her, condemned her and beaten her within an inch of her life. "We couldn't have done it better ourselves," some delegates would say.

I'm positive some of the delegates are home-sick because none of us natives have been visited at 3 a.m. by masked men and taken outside and summarily machine-gunned or, failing that, at least taken into the basement at police headquarters to have electrodes affixed to our genitals. Polite society isn't polite society in a lot of the countries our visitors hail from unless there are screams in the background.

If he had it to do all over again, Bill Davis would have been able to declare martial law and suspend the democratic process while the great conference was in session. I'm sure many of our guests are nervous to think that the streets are full of voters.

And this that you're reading. Something like this might ruin some delegates' stay in our city. This wouldn't be allowed where they come from. A good host would have taken over the press.

Me, I'm breaking all my fingers. It's my way of saying, "Welcome!"

Spring Has Sprung in Serena Gundy Park

If you watch the trees very closely these days, not the evergreens, but the willows, the maples, the oaks, you can see their outlines blur against the sky and sometimes you blink because you think your eyes have slipped out of focus. The prickly outlines blur as the buds get leafy inclinations and start to yawn and stretch. Even trees look a little bleary when they first wake up.

If you put your ear to the ground, you can hear the earth working. It is a waking sound, too. It only slowly insinuates itself into your awareness, the way a difference in breathing rhythms does as a partner surfaces from a long sleep.

Those are kind of languid images. Maybe we need something a little stronger. This wasn't a winter to wake from so much as it was a winter to survive. Instead of stretching and scratching, we should be counting our limbs to see if they're all still there.

Try this one: If you look at the hillsides that face north and compare them with the hillsides that face south, the north-facing slopes are still in the snow-sogged, chill shadows of winter. The south-facing slopes are brown, leaf-littered, waiting for spring to stop spinning its wheels. If you walk up the middle of the valleys, you can walk one foot in winter, one foot in spring—it is a sort of de-seasonalized zone, hostilities have ceased but we have yet to hear the terms of the armistice.

These are notes from a vagrant morning in Serena Gundy Park.

If there is a prettier name for a park anywhere, I have yet to hear it. And if you know what's good for you, you will go out there and bob up and down on the swooping suspension footbridge that carries you into the park across the Don River. If you are still in a foul humor after bobbing up and down, then throw yourself off the bridge and dash your brains out on the rocks below; you are beyond help, anyway.

Desperate times, desperate measures, etc., etc., etc.

Romance is in the air. A woodpecker drums a come-hither drum on a hollow tree over there somewhere. Cardinals make piercingly libidinous suggestions to any bit of fluff that blows by on the southwest breeze. Robins flap and squawk and scoot from under hedges and low cedars like teenagers caught making out in the driveway. Every crow that beats across the sky is carrying a bunch of thatch to thatch a shack to shack up in.

At the end of a woody cove, a shallow ravine—more like a gully—pitches down through the trees. It is filled with snow and well-marked with tracks of toboggans, children's sleighs, the wobbly downhill courses and herringbone uphills of cross-country skiers. But the tracks, while clear, are no longer sharp. They are softened, the way memories—at least pleasurable memories—are softened as we get farther from the original experience. And they last much longer than the unpleasurable memories that melt rapidly out of mind around them.

Spring is a lot farther along with its cleaning than some people I could name. This year I had planned to go through the backs of closets and cupboards—not as a piker, either. I planned to go through those cupboards under the sinks in the kitchen and the bathroom, the places where things accumulate that require cleaning agents not stocked in mere supermarkets.

Those are the places where you find the worst buildups of envy. Unless you get rid of envy almost as soon as it appears,you may find yourself stuck with it for life. Jealousy is annoying, it leaves sticky stains on everything it touches, but although it is unsightly, it is not nearly as bad as envy. Generally it can be removed with soapy water and a stiff brush.

I couldn't find envy anywhere I looked that spring has cleaned; everything appeared quite content with whatever it was. That is my plan, when I have my cleaning finished, to be quite content with whatever it is I happen to be. All I hope is that under this grimy envy I find I'm rich as Conrad Black.

I sashayed past a herd of picnic tables grazing on soggy patches of grass and up a winding walk to a low, stone gate with a plaque on it inscribed, "This was Serena Gundy's garden. She loved it and would be happy to share it with others."

Imagination, green and singing, thrives here.

Why No Coverage of No-confidence Motion?

On Tuesday, Robert Rae, the leader of the Ontario New Democratic Party, rose in his place in the legislature and introduced a motion of no-confidence in the Conservative government of William Davis.

It was a shotgun motion having to do with the problems of tenants and homeowners, mentioning specifically the sale of Cadillac Fairview apartment buildings around the city and concluding that the government had failed fundamentally "to recognize that shelter is too precious and important a human need to be left to the caprice of the speculator and the whim of a marketplace dominated by the principle of private profit and enrichment." The motion received the support of the Liberal party.

Neither the motion, nor speeches that followed it by members of both opposition parties, including Rae, were reported in any of the three Toronto papers the next day. This seemed curious, not just because all three papers maintain bureaus with no other duties than to cover Queen's Park, but because the housing story and especially the stiff rent increases facing tenants whose buildings have recently been sold—and most especially the shenanigans surrounding the sales of Cadillac Fairview buildings—had been big stories in all three papers, or were until Tuesday.

Even Canadian Press, the co-operative news agency that serves almost every paper in the province, ignored the no-confidence motion at the time. One is stunned to think that had the motion, by some fluke, been successful, the Davis government could have gone down to defeat without newspaper readers knowing anything about it.

But, because the subject is of special interest to me, perhaps I am overly sensitive about the newspapers having decided it was of no special interest to them. I live in a building on Balliol St. that was sold by Cadillac Fairview to a mystery landlord who is attempting to raise our rents by 42.4 per cent. Rae mentioned the building in his speech and said what is happening there, in hard dollar terms, "graphically illustrates the plight of tenants."

Besides, one shouldn't be too upset that this is of no interest to the press when it is of only minuscule interest to the government in which the opposition has no confidence.

When Rae introduced his motion, 21 of the 69 Tories who sit on the government side were in their places. By the time he got around to dealing with what he described as a breakdown in the system of rent review, this number had dwindled to 10.

"What kind of future is there for secure and decent shelter in the province of Ontario?" demanded Rae, but now there were only nine, although James Taylor (Prince Edward-Lennox) and David Rotenberg (Wilson Heights) listened with their eyes closed and their mouths open, an expression that would indicate sleep in any other forum than the legislature; there it means intense concentration.

There were seven Conservatives on board to hear Rae suggest there is "an increasing reluctance on the part of increasingly impersonal landlords to deal with problems of maintenance." Two of these thought of pressing business elsewhere and when Rae unloaded his line about housing and shelter being "too precious to people to be simply treated as a commodity and traded in the market," there were only five out of the 69 Tories around to hear it.

Does that mean that, when you get right down to it, the government is not too deeply concerned that, as Rae put it, there are now two world views, one that sees housing as a realm for speculation and one that sees it simply as a place to live, and the latter are getting the wet end from the former? Or that what has been going on in the apartment building transactions is "part and parcel of a commercial world that has lost touch with the morality of ordinary people?"

It must be reported that Robert Elgie, the minister of consumer and commercial relations and the minister responsible for rent controls and review—the person who is carrying the government's can in this fiasco—sat and listened through the debate.

Perhaps one can ask no more than that. Perhaps he will solve all the problems. Will word be passed to the people if he does?

Rosedale Bus Doesn't Stop for Just Anyone

When you arrive at the Rosedale station you know right away you are about to ride a first-class bus. You enter the station through ornate bronze doors cast in Florence during the Renaissance and depicting the history of public transit all the way back to Charon and his Stygian boat.

The ticket-taker is the scion of one of the city's leading families. After taking your fare he directs you through the exquisite Louis XIV turnstiles where you are met by a glamorous hostess who takes you to the Rosedale bus lounge and offers you champagne and canapes and fluffy slippers to wear while you wait.

The bus pulls in and is immediately surrounded by a squad of men who scrub its tires and wipe its windows and polish its already-brilliant chromework with the finest flannel, imported from Europe.

The driver steps down and the eyes of children light up at the sight of his heroic figure. The driver of the Rosedale bus wears riding boots that gleam like black suns and jodhpurs and carries a riding crop which he flicks against his calf. Around his neck hang golden chains. A coiffeur fusses over his hair so it will be perfect when he departs.

The ladies who board the Rosedale bus wear furs of animals so rare they can only be trapped by magicians deep in the mountains on the other side of the world. The men who make their way to the contoured seats read nothing but the financial sections of the newspaper and can buy and sell the likes of you and me.

Even the rougher sorts among the passengers would not be found on buses anywhere else but in Rosedale. They wear silk shirts unbuttoned to the navel and their tattoos are not serpents and daggers but signed originals by Chagall and Warhol and Bosch.

When the bus slips out of the station a loud cheer goes up from the crowd of well-wishers gathered on the platform to wish it bon voyage. The air is filled with colored streamers and confetti and the lieutenant-governor is on hand to wave good-by.

The bus swings east on Crescent Rd., its fabled journey begun at last. It is preceded on foot by scores of maidens from Branksome Hall who strew its path with rose petals. Its fuel has been laced with perfume by Arpeges so the exhaust will not give offence to the tasteful souls who inhabit the fine mansions it must pass.

The air becomes so sweet with the scent of crushed rose petals and the seductive perfume that birds flying behind the bus grow drunk on the fragrance and fly straight up, beyond the stratosphere, to expire in the breathless eternity among the distant stars.

The bus turns north, makes its majestic way across the Glen Rd. bridge, under the over-arching maples that bathe its course in the velvet halflight of Bay St. boardrooms, past the fine mansions, not one of which has fewer than 40 rooms. The mansions are staffed with efficient domestics each of whom apprenticed under a crowned head after taking a master's degree in business administration. When the bus comes to a mansion that has fewer than 40 rooms or a staff hired from the classified sections of the newspaper, the driver will turn around and go some other way. In an age of nouveau suburbia, the Rosedale bus maintains its standards.

It is much the same when the Rosedale bus approaches a bus stop where people are waiting who are obviously without pedigrees. "Drive on! Drive on!" the passengers shout. As the bus rumbles past the stop they cast a cultured eye upon the parvenus and joke to one another, "Let them take taxis."

With the silver-bell laughter that marks the residents of Rosedale, they make their way along the Persian carpets in the aisle toward the dance floor in the back and there, under a shimmering chandelier of Waterford crystal, they foxtrot to the mellow strains of the 25-piece orchestra provided for their entertainment, or perhaps they take a sauna or swim in the Olympic-sized pool.

The bus loops and swirls through the intricate maze of plush streets and never once leaves Rosedale. It is not just a first-class bus, it goes first-class all the way.

After riding on it, any other bus is a bit of a let-down.

Next They'll Sell Us Beer at Church Pews

I have been to Montreal. I have been to Montreal and into Olympic Stadium. I have been into Olympic Stadium and watched the Expos play and I have seen their drunken supporters lie senseless in pitiful heaps beneath their seats, wasted by beer.

I have seen a province noble and strong lose heart, lose strength, lose the will to remain a part of this great country—indeed, crazed with ballpark beer, they elected a government sworn to destroy this great country, to leave it shattered as the wasted pieces of their own besotted lives.

I have seen the rights of individuals to live in their own native language suppressed, I have seen rascals find refuge in nationalism and prejudice, I have seen Quebec's productivity plummet, its unemployment climb inexorably upward, its resources sold abroad for a mess of pottage, its people led to the edge of ruin and left to stumble blindly over, wasted by beer.

And I have given thanks that the government of Ontario had the backbone to withstand the simple-minded whimpering of the immoral minority in this province who whined they are unable to enjoy a sporting contest in the fresh, clear air without being addled by drink. Not for them the appreciation of a play well executed, a strategy well conceived; not for them the pure pleasures, the natural stimulants of exhilaration and shared experience; not for them the delight of a pastime unclouded by booze.

The government's ears were filled with the trump of righteousness. It was deaf to the discordant clamor of the dissolute and debauched seeking to reduce us all to their sordid level. The government led us in The Way, and The Way was dry.

We believed. We hoped. Until yesterday, when, in a collapse of spirit unequalled since it gave women the vote, the government of Mr. Premier William Davis gave in to the forces of wickedness and despair and said, Let there be beer. When the best among us embrace the purposes of the worst, how sorry the times have grown.

What next, Mr. Premier William Davis? Beer in church? Altar boys straggling up and down the pews hawking, "Cold beer! Beer here!" Gangs of partisan rowdies, glassy-eyed and slobbering, leaping to their feet in the nave and angrily disputing the priest's call on a sin. "Mortal? Mortal? What are you, blind? That sin was venial by a mile!"

If Mr. Premier William Davis is so hungry for votes that he will cater to the lowest among sports fanatics, what is to stop him from catering to the lowest among the religious fanatics? Power corrupts and, it became clear to us all yesterday, Mr. Premier William Davis, in his grab for absolute power, has chosen to absolutely corrupt us all.

And, blushing handmaiden to the ugly rise of this new

Sodom Mr. Premier William Davis has created, also comes the Moloch of greed. While the government reaps the votes of the fallen, the corporations will harvest their money. Render unto Davis that which is Davis's and unto the breweries everything that's left.

If we jest that the government drives us to drink, consider for one last sober moment that the government's coffers and the Conservative campaign chests will not wither and die because the government eagerly throws ever more temptation in our way.

Consider the gratitude of the team owners—Carling-O'Keefe, owners of the Argonauts; Labatt's, a major shareholder in the Blue Jays—who have seen attendance slip because they refuse to purchase players of championship calibre. A sober stadium and a Toronto team on its customary skids is a dreary mix.

From now on, desensitized to defeat, fans won't care in the least how the teams fare on the field. They won't be able to see the field. They will spend the whole game lined up at the john.

But, oh, how the money will roll in.

Louts will tear off their clothes and do rude things on the top of the dugouts. Men will batter their wives whenever the Argos are thrown for a loss. Children will be scarred for life by the sight of whole sections tossing their cookies.

Families will disintegrate, lives will be destroyed, businesses will collapse, crime will flourish, the thin veneer of our morality will be peeled back to reveal the rot beneath.

And what choice have I but to sink with the rest, wasted by beer?

His Father's Pyjamas Wore Out Their Welcome

My father's pyjamas moved in with me. My father came and stayed one night and after he left I found his pyjamas hanging on a hook on the back of the bathroom door. They are white pyjamas with a blue paisley design. They didn't seem in any hurry to leave.

Mine is a one-bedroom apartment in a building inhabited mainly by young people who spend most of their time in Old Vienna beer commercials. I would have thought my father's pyjamas would find their ways frivolous and noisy. Some of these young people are not great respecters of their parents' pyjamas. "They don't even wear pyjamas of their own," I told my father's pyjamas.

But they just hung there, unfazed by the suggestion that they were out of their element. I put them in the laundry. I thought of the philosophical irony: The child is father to the father's pyjamas. I took them out of the dryer, folded them and put them in a drawer. And then I started to feel just awful.

"Comes a time in a life—" I debated with myself. "Comes a time in my life when pyjamas aren't much use to anybody any more. That's when, sad as it may be, they just get washed and folded and put away in a drawer.

"Oh, sometimes they get a bit of extra use as a duster or as a rag to polish shoes. But I couldn't let that happen to my father's pyjamas. The family wardrobe always had its pride. Even at its most threadbare, it was too proud to go into a rummage sale. It could always fend for itself. At the very least I have some responsibility for caring for my father's pyjamas.

"After all, flannelette is thicker than water."

I took them out of the drawer and put them on the couch beside me and we watched the news. I had to switch from the CBC news to Global, though, because my father's pyjamas are accustomed to watching Global. "That's all right," I said. "News is news."

When it was over, I spread my father's pyjamas out on the couch and went into the bedroom and climbed into bed.

I lay awake for ages. Sleep wouldn't come. All I could think of was my father's pyjamas on that narrow, lumpy couch. Finally I got up, took the pyjamas off the couch, put them in my bed and tucked them in. "It's all right," I said. "You need your rest. A little discomfort doesn't bother me at all." I went and lay down on the couch.

Until my father's pyjamas came I hadn't realized how small the apartment was. Now it seemed that everywhere I turned they were there. Spread over a chair with the paper on their lap. Draped over the shower rail when I was in a rush to shower and get to the office. Listening to Gordon Sinclair when I wanted to play a record. Knotting and unknotting their ties disapprovingly while I explained why I was late getting home.

When in need of warm companionship it was my habit to drop by an Old Vienna beer commercial, sweet-talk a waif and invite her back to my apartment for a little hanky-panky.

"What's that?" the waif hissed as we came in one night.

My father's pyjamas were seated at the table, a game of solitaire spread out before them. "Just my father's pyjamas," I explained. "Pay no attention to them."

In any case, I took them and hung them in the bathroom. It did no good. My whining entreaties were as much use as a candle trying to boil an iceberg. "I'm sorry," she said. "I just don't feel right, knowing your father's pyjamas are in there."

I sent her back to the beer commercial in a cab and brought my father's pyjamas out and settled them beside me. Together we watched Global news. "It's all right," I said. "Having my father's pyjamas is company enough. What need have I of transient, insincere relationships with women?"

But despite my best intentions, my father's pyjamas started to get on my nerves. I would raise my voice when I spoke to them. Sometimes when I went off to work I left them in a heap. Soon I wasn't coming home for meals. I stayed in bars until all hours and rolled home full of abuse for the lint they left everywhere.

One day I came home to find the Goodwill truck in front of the building and the Goodwill man coming out of my apartment with my father's pyjamas over his arm. "Ingrate," sneered the Goodwill man. My father's pyjamas didn't look back as they left.

Interview with John Slinger

These columns in your entry are beautiful pieces of writing. I want, if this makes any sense to you, to ask you to describe the voice *you use when you are writing these things. Who are you and who are you speaking to?*

I try not to think of myself as newsman, as reporter, which is an artifice of the first magnitude because I obviously am and always have been, and this column is very much a newspaper function, a creature of the newspaper. It's not pretending to be something else that's visited upon the newspaper. However, as that—as the non-newspaper reporter, non-newsman—I can then let events happen to me as Joe Citizen or the poor klutz or some nebbish and then report my experiences. Ideally these experiences should be general enough or broad enough to be either the sorts of experiences that other people can imagine themselves having and so they can relate to it that way, or experiences that are so far-fetched or ridiculous or absurd that they will say: "That's bullshit, you fool. I would never behave that way." In any case, I'm looking for a rather more intimate response from the reader than we usually look for in a news story or even in a feature story. So I think [illegible] my voice as being very much the voice of a perhaps somewhat eccentric friend who is sitting down telling you something, a good beverage-room conversation—excepting that sometimes I deal in realms that are quite, perhaps, surreal and that sometimes I go the other way into realms that are kind of soppy. But it's meant to be very much one voice to one reader. That's what I try to imagine when I'm writing.

It's a very intimate column.

Ideally I think it ought to be. The one thing that a good column ought to be able to do that the news columns and the rest of the columns in the newspaper cannot do is strike a note of intimacy. This can vary from one extreme, from Joan Sutton's gynecological problems, to George Bain or Richard Gwyn talking about their own personal views of Ottawa and this kind of thing.

The process of writing: I presume you write mainly with your ear.

Very much so. When I talk to kids, journalism students, about writing, I tell them that the best way to edit your own material is just to read it aloud. The connection between your brain and your eye seeing it on the paper, if there is a flaw in it somewhere the brain-eye connection will compensate for it. But the ear is usually not as much a party to these conspiracies, and so it says: "Hey, shit, you don't talk like that!" Or: "Nobody talks like that." Or: "You got that backwards." Or: "There's no verb in there." I think it's a more comfortable sort of writing to read—something that can almost be spoken. It moves a little more slowly. It's not so inclined to go into the abstract. I think of it again as a conversational tone no matter what I'm trying to accomplish on a given day.

Do you say to yourself: "Don't be abstract. Be concrete"?

Yes. I have to. And I have to work at it. It's often difficult to find a concrete example of something, of perhaps an abstract point, without reducing yourself to talking about your own family and breakfast-table experiences. Not just columnists do this. There's never been a sermon preached where the clergyman has not said: "Why, just the other day a man came up to me and I told him. . . ." They all strive to find something like that. So, yes you have to work at it. Sometimes you can't, and then you do a little bullshit and tap-dancing. That's when you try to avoid the clichés, and I think often this is where some of the more ingenious new directions in humour are coming in. People are attempting to take stock cliché situations and turn them inside out or around so that if you can't find a specific that will be funny or will be pointed, you can explode the cliché or create a new, very obvious, sort of ruptured-duck kind of a cliché that will be ludicrous and accomplish the point.

When you explode the cliché, you mean you are relying on some kind of a surprise? I expect to read it one way and I read it another?

Yes. I think this has to be done cautiously. I use a lot of models, or I read a lot of humorous and quasi-humorous writing, because there are, as you know, six or seven basic jokes. To make something funny you can fit it into one of those patterns or try to fuss around with it. You can always say "This line of thought is going nowhere. What would Woody Allen do? Or what would Twain do? Or what would P.G. Wodehouse do?" And get yourself out of it. The trap then is becoming too obvious, not to steal, but not to appear as if you are just mimicking, this is the thing.

But anyway the explosion does two things. First of all, it should ideally create something like amusement in the reader, but second, it should be crafted so that the reader is aware that you are doing it. The reader sees the trick done and knows what you have done and the reader thinks he's in on it with you. Instead of "Who was that lady I saw with you last night?" the old Pogo line was, "Who was that lady eyesore with you last night?" Well, I get it, and Pogo gets it, but maybe the whole rest of the world doesn't. That's something we've got, so that increases intimacy and I think it gives . . . it's a little bit of a way, in a funny way, of flattering the reader.

These columns bring out in me a feeling of recognition of various aspects of the human condition.

That's as calculated as something like this can be. That's the idea. We could maybe just talk about one of them for a minute. I think one of them is about the drinking laws in Ontario being jiggered for the world bankers. That's not a really big deal, but considering the patronizing way this government tends to treat people in this province, it was "There they go again!" And it really pissed me off. (I mean if you are going to save outrage for people being murdered in Argentina, I was really pissed off.) And I sat down, I guess the day after the story came out, intending to write what I thought would be a satirical column.

It came out as a sort of an angry tirade and very preachy: "How can they do this to us? And what the hell do you expect from these people?" And all that sort of stuff—which I tore up. I said that's not it, because it really isn't a big deal, and it's really symptomatic of something else that has to do with their way of thinking—and also, because I'm really pissed off because of some years of covering politics and this particular government and this sort of thing and the way they work, maybe the reader is a little bit more iffish about the whole thing. So my having a rant is not going to accomplish anything. It makes me feel good but that's all. I put it away, and for about a week I didn't have it in the front of my mind, but I kept thinking if I could find a way I would do it again.

About a week afterwards, maybe ten days, somehow I found a way of twisting it around, saying, "Well, if they are going to do this, why don't they do all the other things that the people from these countries do?" Now that gave me a method of pointing up how ludicrous their notion was. It let me do it without having to raise my voice, and I think it was much funnier. But it worked because it was cold. Like revenge, I think satire has to be, is better, cooled down.

So that's how that happened. It steeped for a week.

Yes. That often happens and it often works best. Again, in writing, apart from reading aloud the second part of my sure-fire writing technique—this is Dr. Slinger's Snake Oil Writing Technique—is what Isaac Asimov has written an essay describing as the Eureka Syndrome. And a guy named John Judson has written a big book called *The Scientific Method*, something like that, examining how discoveries are made in science. Frequently these guys get all the stuff, and they have been putting it all in their heads, and some months later they are out walking with their son under the linden trees in Hamburg or someplace, and—there it all is.

Most newspaper writing, all writing, would benefit if the people would practice taking all this stuff and then—no, you can't, because often on a newspaper you are on deadline and you've got to get it out—but then turning the mind off and letting the subconscious work on it and then connect. I find if I can get up and walk away from something for a while and walk far enough till my mind is on something else, then come back, something will have worked in my head.

In this case what did you do for a column, when you put that one aside?

I can't remember.

You can work on several at once?

I usually have a column for the given day, but if I see it's not working, then I hope I've got something in reserve. In the three and a half years that I've been doing it I've crapped out once. It was about six months along and finally about four in the afternoon I went to the editor and said, "Listen, I've got a terrible headache. I have to go home." I realized that if I ever did that again I was in the wrong line of work. You can't do that.

So what I try to do, I write four a week, so if I go to bed Sunday night with two what seem to me workable ideas, then I can sleep relatively peacefully Sunday night. One, not so peacefully. None, then I usually don't sleep. I am a truly wealthy man if I have four ideas. But then I like not to have four ideas because then something might come up and you might ignore it because you say: "Well, I already have an idea for today, so forget that." It is nice to stay a little bit loose. But I don't work like some people who can put the stuff in the bank and do a couple at a time. I think we all benefit a bit from that little hit of adrenalin, deadline adrenalin.

These are literate and sensitive pieces and they have to have been *written very purposefully. What are you trying to do when you write a column?*

Some days, of course, it's simply to fill that space and make it look like it's not simply there to fill the space, which I think is sort of cheating on the readers but you have to do that. One objective is to entertain. I think in the realm of newspapers the type of column I'm doing tends more to showbusiness than it does to city hall hardnose journalism. At the very least if you don't care about what I'm talking about it ought to be written well enough that it's an entertaining read. This is something of a heresy at the *Star*. But I believe the act of reading is a worthy leisure activity on its own. Whereas (and this is an argument we've had going way back to the magazine) they're inclined to believe reading *about* leisure is the enjoyment. Anyway, I'm a person who enjoys reading as leisure and I attempt to write so that anyone who reads it can have at least some enjoyment out of it.

The other thing is to, as I said, amuse, but I make an effort not to be frivolous. Again, it was Mark Twain who said that he never set out to write anything funny. He always set out, usually in anger, but he always set out to preach, and he either became funny as he considered the ludicrousness of the human condition or he made it funny in order to leaven it. And if you look at some of his writings, suppressed writings and this sort of stuff, you see how angry and black he was, and you can think what great contrasts were inside him. I think you hope never to have wasted the readers' time by writing something that is purely frivolous—unless it's really, really funny. Then you say "That's worthwhile"—but you can never judge that. It's very difficult to judge how other people react to something you think.

I think you have to have something to say. You've got to have a point you want to make and then you go about making it. Bernard Levin of the *Times* of London was interviewed once during one of their many strikes and he was going mad because, he said, "I have opinions, and I'm paid to have opinions and put them in the paper, and now I have opinions every day and I have no place to put them." You have to have an opinion. You might have a different opinion tomorrow, but for that day you have to have an opinion and attempt to argue it, however lighthearted you want to be.

The other thing I like to do is to explore the city because a lot of people haven't and so, just because of my own personal interest, I've perhaps spent more time in parks and ravines and the quasi, often fake, wilderness areas in this city. I think a lot of people don't realize they're there and so it gives a nice contrast to a lot of other things that are going on in newspapers. . . .

Serena Gundy here, for instance, is just a gorgeous piece. It's got this beautiful, beautiful opening observation which I hadn't thought of before, although I've probably seen it seven thousand times.

I made a note the other day on a little walk I took. I just made a line in my notebook saying, "The dandelions are out," and I put a brackets afterward saying, "Sometimes the obvious goes unreported." The models for this if you like are, apart from some of the nature writers I read, some of the "Talk of the Town" pieces in the *New Yorker*, where you just go out and describe what you see . . . and people realize that no one has ever looked at it before or removed it from context. Those are the times that I think I can slip in a little bit of stuff that is truly personal. If I am troubled with my love life or with a friend or myself, for some reason the nature stuff and a little bit of that tend to mix together nicely.

Then you have the pure fantasy piece about your father's pyjamas. How did that happen?

Well, I find that my fantasy pieces have to have a basis in reality. I need that for the idea to be triggered. Some people can sit down and dream up a situation and make it work. I find I can't. I find the times that I do it gets pretty artificial. My father left and on the back of the bathroom door were his pyjamas and afterward I thought that this was kind of funny. I was in the bathroom and I felt a little intruded upon to have my father's pyjamas there. From that the idea came: what to do with your father's pyjamas, and then to use it as a nice spoofy little analogy for what to do with your father who is getting old, and what happens to old people, and how the young people treat them.

This one had a very nice response. Every now and then I write something and old people will take it in mind to phone me or write me. I maybe got a half a dozen or ten calls about this. I think it was because it was fairly gentle. It was all . . . again it is the cliché, this is every cliché reaction to having an old fart foisted upon you. But you are playing with it on the idea that it's the pyjamas. So that's the way of, again what we were talking of, busting up the cliché.

I had I think the toughest piece I've written, it's hard to say, about a year before that. It was the winter before this past one and we had had a lot of snow and it would melt and the walks were really icy and terrible and nobody shovels their sidewalks. I had been jogging and my knees were going to ratshit because the footing was so bad, and I saw an old lady fall one day. So I went back and I wrote a column saying, "This is the best winter we have ever had for seeing old people fall down." And I talked about all the different ways they fall, and sort of set it up almost like keeping score—if they do a loop-the-loop, and how some people really go out and mush up their sidewalks, and it's cheating to flood them so they freeze overnight. But it was all about old people falling down and what a treat it was and how much enjoyment they gave to all of us by falling so spectacularly. Well, the shit hit the fan. Now it worked for some, but the initial reaction was, "Callous brute! How can you make fun of us?" When in fact it was the other people that I was attempting to get at. After a while it kind of ended up as arguments in the letters column.

To write at this level of creativity you've got to have a burning need *to . . . write the perfect sentence? To . . . what? You can't write this well without enormous effort.*

One is a desire to perform. If I say I am a frustrated actor I'm overstating it but I really wanted to become an actor. I was coming through the school system at a time where they said you had to get a university degree and if you wanted to act, join a little theatre—unless you ran away and joined the theatre, which didn't ever occur to me. But I've always enjoyed performing and so far as print journalism goes, a column like this is the best platform for straight performing you can get. So I am driven, if that is the word, to give quality entertainment, a quality performance every day. I like the language and I enjoy trying to get it right. I like making people laugh. I have some views on some things but they really don't extend very much beyond whether someone in the public eye or with public responsibility is behaving like an ass towards people who don't have recourse. I don't have views really so far as big-P politics go, or Capitalism-Versus-the-Working-Class. I just want to grab a reader for eight or ten minutes a day and have him all to myself.

Feature
Photography

Bruno Schlumberger, Ottawa Citizen

Bruno Schlumberger, 34, was born in Angers, France, and came to Canada ten years ago. He spent three years in the photoengraving department of the *London Free Press* and then enrolled in the four-year photographic arts program at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto. He has been working as a freelance photographer for the *Ottawa Citizen* since graduation. He won his award for this picture of a woman dragging her reluctant grandson to his first day at school.

CASI

Sports
Writing

Michael Farber, Montreal Gazette

Michael Farber writes three columns a week and weekend features for the sports section of the *Montreal Gazette*. A Phi Beta Kappa journalism graduate of Rutgers University, he has worked as a sports reporter and columnist for the *Binghamton* (N.Y.) *Sun-Bulletin* and the *Bergen* (N.J.) *Record*, in addition to spells doing publicity for World Championship Tennis and selling shoes. A French Canadian girlfriend persuaded him to write to the *Gazette*. He was immediately offered a job, which surprised him, because it had taken 247 applications to land his previous one.

Farber is 31. He has been at the *Gazette* since April 1979. Like many present-day professionals he teaches journalism students and, when he wearies momentarily of professional athletics, he finds refreshment by playing for, and writing about, the St. Gabriel's Irish Basketball Association which, he says, has been involved in the same game, score unknown, for the past ten years.

He won his award for an exclusive interview with outfielder Tim Raines of the Montreal Expos, whose baseball career was threatened by drug addiction. The judges cited Farber's persistence in pursuing a player who was "notorious for his reluctance to talk to reporters."

73 Michael Farber

Raines Beats $1,000-a-Week Habit

WEST PALM BEACH, Fla.—Everybody knew about Tim Raines.

"I was in the on-deck circle one game last year," said Raines, "and this kid—he couldn't have been more than 10 or 12—yelled down, 'Hey, Raines. Want a joint?' "

Right track, wrong drug. It wasn't marijuana that dogged the Expos' Raines, whose play noticeably deteriorated last season after an electrifying rookie year. The drug was far more powerful, far more expensive, far more up-scale than marijuana.

The drug was cocaine.

Raines snorted—inhaled up his nose—more than $40,000 worth of the white powder in the first nine months of 1982, when the left fielder admits using the drug.

He snorted cocaine in his car before games at the Olympic Stadium parking lot. He snorted it after games in friends' apartments. He snorted it in washrooms on team airplanes.

On a few occasions, he snorted cocaine in the Expos clubhouse between innings.

"Drug addiction is a disease people have, just like diabetes," said the 23-year-old Raines earlier this week, the first time he has publicly discussed his cocaine use. "I had to have it. It was addictive. I was a cocaine user."

Tim Raines, released early last month after 30 days in a California rehabilitation centre for drug dependency, has been "clean" for 67 days.

"I'm not worried about my future," he said. "Just today. Every morning I wake up and say, 'Tim, you're not going to do drugs or drink today.' "

The appointment had been made for 11 a.m., but Raines bounded into the Expos' office at Municipal Stadium at 10:40.

"Goodness," said a man familiar with Raines' flexible notion of time, "you're early."

"Yup," he said. "You're looking at the new Tim Raines."

A year ago everyone would have settled for the old Tim Raines. He had burst into stardom unlike any Expos rookie, stealing bases at a near-record pace and hitting with startling line-drive consistency.

But Raines was better than good; he was electric. He lit the Olympic stadium just by stepping into the batter's box or taking a lead off first base. Raines carried his own spotlight with him, as surely as an angel carries a halo.

You didn't have to know baseball, only people, to sense he was special.

That was before what is politely called a $1,000-a-week habit and what should be called a $1,000-a-week addiction.

"I was playing with a handicap," said Raines, whose batting average fell 27 points and stolen-base-per-game ratio dipped precipitously in his sophomore season.

"I was playing on instincts, and the instincts are still there, because it was still a decent year (.277 and 78 stolen bases). A lot of times I got no sleep. A lot of times I couldn't even see the ball.

"That's why I'm looking forward to this year. I'm not setting any goals, just to be mentally and physically ready to play. I'm capable of doing a lot of things. I might even surprise me."

Raines surprised everybody, or maybe nobody, last January when he says he used cocaine for the first time.

Everybody . . . because, not so long ago, Raines' idea of a mind-expanding experience had been to study pitchers' pickoff moves.

Exposed to drug use in both Montreal and his hometown of Sanford, Florida, Raines had smoked marijuana infrequently but disliked the drug because it made him sleepy. He had been drunk twice in his life, the second time being after the Los Angeles Dodgers beat the Expos in the 1981 National League playoffs.

Nobody . . . because Raines fitted the profile for cocaine users. He was young, wealthy, surrounded by admirers with access to the drug, and he had a lot of free time.

In retrospect, Tim Raines was a drug problem waiting to happen.

"During the winter I got myself involved," said Raines.

"After I signed a contract, my salary went from $35,000 to $200,000, and I felt I had money to waste, right or wrong.

"It just sort of happened. I mean, everybody was doing it. It was in Sanford. I was with some old friends from high school, guys I hadn't seen in a long time, and they just asked me. I wasn't playing, so I figured what the hell.

"It made me feel real good. It burned a little bit the first time, but they gave me some more and I was feeling the high. I had to keep cool because of who I was, but it was a great experience. I was sorry it felt so good.

"When I got home, I couldn't get to sleep. I was wondering what was wrong. I told Virginia I was out with friends."

Virginia is Virginia Raines, Tim's wife, whom he has known since high school. That was the first time he would dodge the subject of cocaine, which soon would become the single most important element of their lives.

Both agree their marital problems of the summer, since resolved, were primarily related to the drug. Tim would stay away from their downtown apartment because of his drug involvement, and, as Raines said, "Every wife wants to know where her husband is."

They fought about the money he spent. A few times, after finding cocaine in the apartment, she flushed the drug down the toilet or dumped it down a sink.

"People would be hanging around the park waiting for Tim, and he'd take them to the apartment and go into the other room," Virginia Raines said this week. "I'd listen in"—she moved her ear closer to an imaginary wall—"and I'd hear Tim give the guy money. Then later the guy would come back with something and give it to Tim. I'd ask, 'What is it?' Tim'd say, 'Nothing.' Always 'Nothing.'

"When I'd question him about money, Tim would say, 'Virginia, I had to buy something.' He told me it was jewelry, but I never saw any of it. Later I found out."

Two days after Sanford friends had introduced Raines to cocaine, they invited him back for more.

This time it was his treat.

"They give you the first dip," Raines said. "Then they [dealers] start buying houses with the money you give them.

"Later I would only do it by myself. Often in my car; it's got tinted windows. In a bathroom somewhere. It didn't bother me. I liked it because the coke was all for me. Cocaine makes you feel so good, and you don't want anybody to feel that way but you.

"Nobody smokes a whole reefer by himself. You take two or three puffs, but that's it. Cocaine is a lot different."

The twice-a-week experimenting of January became four-times-a-week partying during spring training and Jim Fanning, then Expos manager, saw a change from the previous autumn.

Fanning spoke of challenging Raines, urging him to pretend it was June and play with the inspiration of 1981. Raines talked about taking things slow because of a healing hamstring pulled the first week of camp, and of bringing a championship to Montreal.

Raines craved winning, but a stronger desire—for what he called "toot" or "'caine" or usually just "the stuff"—had taken control.

Raines did not use cocaine in Pittsburgh, where the Expos were scheduled to open the season, but he connected with friends who supplied him in Philadelphia, the next stop. The scene would be repeated in some, but not all, of the cities in the National League in the first half of the season.

Raines, however, said he never carried cocaine across the border. He was too scared, because he had heard customs inspectors use drug-sniffing dogs.

"I could get it in a few cities where I knew people," he said. "Not that I was doing it every day. Sometimes I'd go several days without it. If I had done it every day, I probably would have been bombed out." He paused. Smiled. "See, I try to rationalize things."

Even if Raines did not snort cocaine every day, he still blew more than 14 ounces of cocaine up his nose in the approximately 37 weeks he used the drug. At $100 (U.S.) per gram, 28 grams to an ounce, the $40,000 he said he spent adds up to almost a pound of cocaine.

"I could feel the effects," Raines said. "While you're doing cocaine, it just kind of takes control. It wears off in about 20 minutes, so then you take some more. You can only take so much before your mind goes to the limits. But I needed the boost to play because I was tired and the stuff kept me up. But I could tell my perception was bad and I had lost a couple of steps.

"I wasn't seeing good, and I wasn't eating well. I felt I was having a problem on the field, because my average was down to .270 in late April. I was juggling the ball in the outfield. I was misreading pitches. I was striking out a lot, the first time in my career I wasn't a contact hitter.

"But I felt that I just had to have it. I had to take something to keep up because sometimes I felt like I was going to pass out."

Once he did. Raines did not start a game, and he fell asleep at the end of the bench. A teammate had to wake him when Fanning wanted Raines to pinch-run.

"Tim later told me he couldn't pick himself up at times when he should have been stealing," Virginia said. "And there were other times when he was stealing and thrown out, and he didn't know it right away.

"There was one fly ball that Tim misplayed. The crowd was getting on him because they thought he could have caught it, but all the [players'] wives were saying he couldn't have made the play. Tim told me he could have caught the ball, but he didn't catch it because he didn't see it."

Slowly the word was getting out on Tim Raines.

Montreal may be a city of two million, but its glitter ghetto—the five-block downtown area with Crescent Street as its core—is a small town. Secrets don't last long, but reputations do. Raines was getting a bad one.

"People would come up to me on Crescent Street and say, 'Hey, man, I got a good line [of cocaine]' or 'I got some stuff,' " he said. "These were guys who knew I had a problem. But I never knew who I could trust. After all, the guy could have been a cop or he could have been working for the [Expos] front office.

"Of course, if a guy is dealing drugs you probably shouldn't trust him anyway."

Raines sensed things slipping away. Although he told none of his teammates, even Andre Dawson, the Expo centre fielder whom Raines reveres, he guessed they knew. Raines also sensed he was losing their respect and, because of his sub-par performance, the esteem of the fans.

All the problems—including his wife's miscarriage and the death of a favorite uncle—were coming to a head.

On June 29, the lid blew.

Raines had spent the previous night, an off day for the Expos, snorting cocaine. "I was straight enough just to snort," he said. "No freebasing [inhaling fumes of cocaine that has been mixed with a solvent and heated]. No shooting [injecting]. Richard Pryor almost burned from freebasing. And I've heard guys jump off cliffs from shooting." On this night, Raines said he snorted too much.

He stayed up until mid-morning and did not set an alarm when he finally went to sleep. He awoke early in the evening—too late to reach the Olympic Stadium before the start of a game against the New York Mets—with headaches and nausea. When Raines telephoned the Expos to say he was too ill to play, Dr. Bob Brodrick, the team physician, made a house call.

"I was asking myself, 'How did you miss a game?' " Raines said. "At first I wasn't going to tell him [Dr. Brodrick], but he's a doctor. He'd know anyway. Besides, I wanted help. It got to the point where I had to tell somebody. I was tired of being undercover."

Dr. Brodrick said: "Tim was pretty well out of it. He felt terrible. He was groggy and sick to his stomach. I asked him, 'What did you have?' It was a double-barrelled question. I had my suspicions. I felt something was amiss.

"Tim then told me. He was pretty desperate. But he seemed glad to break the ice . . . He realized he was getting himself into a corner."

One day later Raines met for 40 minutes with Fanning and John McHale, the Expo president, in the manager's office. Fanning describes the meeting as "very, very tender . . . very personal."

"When this thing came up, knowing what it was, I thought we should get expert advice," McHale said. "This was the first experience we've had with this. You have to respect a player's position in all this. It cuts across a lot of areas: personal rights, baseball rules, legalities such as possession. Where does it all fit? We wanted help. We took the course we thought best."

The course Raines and McHale took was a right turn off Cotes des Neiges onto Cedar Avenue to the office of Dr. Alan M. Mann, psychiatrist-in-chief at the Montreal General Hospital.

McHale, chief operating officer of a major league baseball team, spent his summer driving Raines to his doctor's appointment once or twice a week. This generally is not part of the job description.

Psychotherapy apparently was only one form of Raines' treatment, but Dr. Mann, citing professional ethics, will not comment on the case.

"He [Dr. Mann] slowed me down," Raines said. "I never saw a shrink before. I figured I would lie on his couch, and he would put me in a trance and I would tell everything, or something. After a while I knew what was going on. I stopped doing drugs pretty much from mid-July to September, but I didn't stop completely."

"Tim was doing pretty well, but there were some slips from grace," Dr. Brodrick said. "He did pretty well, but not perfectly well. Psychotherapy isn't too successful. The 30-day bit [in the Careunit Hospital of Orange in California] was the answer. You always hope the one-to-one basis is the answer, but there isn't as high a success rate as group therapy. Inevitably it doesn't work as well."

Raines said he used cocaine only three or four times from mid-July to mid-September and for the first time in months, he had a firmer grip on himself than the cocaine.

With three weeks remaining in the season, Raines slipped.

Fanning had been in hospital for migraine headaches, and upon his return, he was besieged by newspaper articles quoting Expos who were critical of his managing.

Raines, long a Fanning favorite, was one of the critics.

"I had a little conflict with Fanning," Raines said. "An article appeared in the Sanford paper that I guess he saw. He confronted me with full force before I could open my mouth. I had some bad feelings for him with that.

"So I went back [to cocaine]. There were only a few weeks left at that point. I knew I was going to get help after the season. I was serious about it. I knew my career could be coming to an end."

A final fling? A man wonders.

"Yeah," said Raines, brightening. "A final fling."

Exactly when Raines decided to enter a drug dependency treatment centre is unclear. Raines said it occurred even before his blow-up with Fanning. Florence Raines, his mother, said the booing Tim received on the final homestand of the season hurt him and forced his hand. Virginia Raines said that on October 7, the day her husband entered the Careunit Hospital of Orange, Tim told her he wasn't hooked but didn't know if he could stop on his own.

"I talked to my shrink," Raines said, "and I think I could have quit on my own. I was making a lot of progress . . . Mann told me, 'We feel you could quit on your own, but you can go to the centre.' I felt it was right to go . . . I wanted to get it out in the open and be ready to play next year.

"I wasn't thinking contract [Raines and his agent Tom Reich are about to begin negotiating a new contract with the Expos]. I was thinking about myself. I wanted to get my family closer together. I wanted to start doing things right. I wanted to be with my little boy [three-year-old Tim Jr.].

"I wanted to be there [at the centre]. I realized I had a problem. I had to have it. I was addicted. I was a cocaine user."

So the season ended on a Sunday, Tim Raines snorted cocaine Monday, was operated on for calcium buildup in his right foot Tuesday, left the hospital Wednesday and flew to the Careunit Hospital on Thursday.

You can wrap the true confessions of a ninth-month coke high in a pretty little bow.

Except for one thing.

John McHale thinks Raines' drug problems may have started long before he is willing to admit.

"His problems started the first time he came up [to the Expos, in September 1979] is the way I piece it together," McHale said. "I'm not contesting Tim's recollection, but my investigation shows otherwise. If he says it he believes it, but that may not be the way it all happened. I've pieced it together along the way. I've become familiar with the problem. I've sat in meetings with Tim and the doctor.

"I think things may have started way back in his career. This may not have been evident until there was affluence. Then you can afford the higher quality stuff, the thing that knocks the hell out of them."

But Raines, who said he has no first-hand knowledge of any major league baseball player using cocaine, stuck to his version of his first encounter with cocaine.

"The only thing about coming to the big city was it took my shyness away," Raines said. "I saw a lot of people doing drugs, and maybe that made me think about doing it. I figured it would be okay in the off-season [of 1982]. I would have time to recuperate.

"Actually, I'm glad the whole thing happened now. In a sense the drug experience didn't hurt but helped because I discovered what I can and can't do. I could get the problem corrected."

There is no such thing as a cure for chemical dependency, just as there is no cure for alcoholism," said David Langness, a spokesman for Comprehensive Care Corp., parent company of the Careunit Hospital. "But there is recovery. You can get well and stay well."

Raines is well.

According to statistics, he will stay that way.

"The recovery rate for athletes involved in something like this is fairly high," said Dr. Michael Stone, a Canadian who is medical director of the Careunit, largest of the more than 100 units in the U.S. that treat more than 35,000 people annually for chemical dependency.

"One of the reasons is that they are constantly being scrutinized. They are being observed by themselves, their team, their manager, their agent, the population in general . . . Who the hell is going to give Mrs. Ford [Betty Ford, a former patient at the Careunit] a drink? Who's going to give one to Billy Carter [another former patient]? Once your problem is known by the public, it's tough to slip.

Besides, pro athletes have a lot on the ball. They know if they go back to coke, they may lose their starting job or maybe even their career."

According to the definition of Dr. Stone, who would not discuss the Raines case specifically, Raines is clean: he now uses no chemicals, including alcohol. But he must remain clean for two or three years before Dr. Stone will consider him sober.

For Tim Raines—outfielder, outpatient—the comeback has just begun.

"Sometimes I still feel like doing it [cocaine]," Raines said. "So I do something else. I'll run or maybe listen to music. The exercise helps me out. I've been told I could have withdrawals for five months.

"But I can tell my mind is coming back. I lost it for a while.

"I was scared when I first went into the hospital. I figured I wasn't as bad as the people who went to it. I thought it was a crazy house. But it was just a lot of people trying to help themselves. Some didn't care. The court had sent them there instead of to jail, but most people who were there were serious."

Raines spent the first two days at the hospital in detoxification before starting a treatment similar to that of fellow baseball players Alan Wiggins and Juan Bonilla, football players Don Reese, Tommy Kramer and Charles White, boxer Tony Ayala, former Georgia Senator Herman Talmadge and other illustrious alumni of the Orange program.

The daily routine included meditation, lectures, exercise, group therapy and a crafts session. Raines painted and made a pair of moccasins during his craft time. The moccasins have since ripped.

"Four weeks is a long time," Raines said. "After two weeks I thought I was well enough to leave the centre. But I'm glad I stayed. It helped me be conscious of a lot of things."

Raines certainly has become careful. Addiction is forever, as Dr. Stone says, and he will not take even an aspirin without first checking with the hospital.

Sometimes he drinks a 7-Up with a twist and lets people think it is something else.

"When money is dropped into a cultural vacuum, it creates a lot of problems," McHale said. "I've told Tim and his agent it's a bad procedure to pay him his salary and then watch him merely be a conduit to the peddler. It's bad for Tim, bad for the club, and it short-changes the fan.

"As a human being, we are terribly interested in Tim Raines, as we are in all our people. He is an asset to us, and we want to preserve that asset and encourage him. We want to help him.

"He is a fine man and a fine talent who has stumbled along the way. If he gives us the effort and the straight story so we can find a way to help him, we'll go all the way for him. The Expos will go as far for a player as he is willing to go to help himself."

So in West Palm Beach, his new home, Tim Raines helps himself. He is 15 pounds overweight; he couldn't exercise vigorously after his foot operation, and his appetite returned when he stopped using cocaine. But now he works out with a vengeance and a vanity, shedding weight from a body that earned him the nickname "Rock."

Clean for 67 days, he still is a rock in a hard place.

"You want some water?" Raines asks a visitor in his apartment after a two-hour workout. "It's all I've got."

Interview with Michael Farber

How does sports writing relate to the rest of journalism?

I think the best writers on a newspaper and the worst writers on a newspaper are in the sports department.

Why is that?

I suppose it's because managing editors, publishers, haven't taken the sports department very seriously, and they allow hacks. And it's really okay if you've got the old rummy who's covered football for 51 years and drinks with the coach, and it's okay if he's a house man, and it's really not serious journalism. On the other hand, it's also an area where you're allowed a great amount of freedom of expression in writing. I do things that I just couldn't dream of getting away with in any other section of the paper unless I were writing a gossip column or entertainment or something, and so because I don't think the newspaper establishment or the newspaper bosses take it seriously, they also allow you this creative freedom. I think good people can take advantage of it; the bad people just kind of wallow around.

That's an interesting analysis. I hadn't heard it said that way before. And when I think of it, you're right. There are both kinds of people in most sports departments.

I think what's special about good sports writers is they tend to use their eyes and not just their ears, which is why I covered the Royal Wedding for *The Gazette*. I thought that a pretty bold step for a newspaper to take. One of the reasons I think I got the assignment is because sports writers produce every day. There are all kinds of feature writers on papers who once every two weeks are asked to toss something off. As a sports writer I have no problem writing thirty-five or forty inches a day. It's just something I don't think about. I just do it. I don't agonize over my writing. I just sit down and write and so that's why I did it. But it's also because too many non-sports reporters are just so used to hearing things that they don't let you know somebody has a clammy handshake. That's part of the story. They don't look for these things. They'll listen for what the official said, and everybody has to have a title, and if a guy doesn't have a title he's not worth talking to. This is the mentality of a lot of the reporters.

I tell my students, "You have to use your eyes. You have to use your own powers of observation and thought." The better journalists are the ones who see the world in a little bit different way than other people because they think about things a little differently.

That's interesting. A little earlier I was talking to Joey Slinger about writing with your ear, and now you're talking about reporting with your eye. That's a good point because you can't cover a ballgame without watching. Nobody says it to you.

You don't go to a press conference and write down everything he says and that's it.

To an old news person, the question occurs: Is there a disproportionate amount of space devoted to sports?

There's not nearly enough space!

Why do we have sports in the paper?

Because this is something that people care about and care about very, very much. Why do we have television columns? What happens on TV means more to most people than what happens at city hall—that's something very abstract. But what happens on "Dynasty"— that touches people's lives. I think sports also gives you a chance to look at the way people interact and it lets a writer see what is important to people. It lets a writer observe the people who do the games and who watch the games.

Obviously sports have fascinated people since the ancient Greeks—but it isn't all to do with the score. Is that what you're saying?

Yes. Sports has something to do with the score. That's the basis of sports competition—a score, winner or loser, all very clear cut and nice. But I think it's worth studying what is important to people, for reasons that I don't always understand, especially the spectating, which upsets me a great deal. I have this theory, and I've got it all into a very neat package called "the right to recreate." Every once in awhile I get on my high horse and tell people that you just can't let athletes do your athletics for you. I know I'm a purveyor of that junk; I'm a guilty party in all this. Nevertheless you just can't get your sports vicariously. Sports are fun. That's the reason for them. People enjoy doing them. And that's reason enough. Why people should look at a day at a ball park as having gotten the exercise themselves—I haven't been able to make that connection.

Well, aren't they doing something else when they're reading about the ballplayer? I read sports pages and I'm not a sports fan. I read them because I'm interested in the people. Your readers were interested in Mr. Raines, for instance.

I was interested in Mr. Raines. Why would a guy who has everything, absolutely everything, get involved in something like this? It was obvious he was having a bad season and there was talk . . . I mean during the season my garage mechanic, who doesn't know anything about anything, says: "Hey, you know what the problem with Tim Raines is?" I said no, he says: "Cocaine. A friend of mine saw him." English Montreal is a very small place. It's a very, very contained community. It's no larger than Moose Jaw when you get right down to it and it's just like a little town. Somebody's out doing something, everybody knows. You might as well yell it over the back fence.

I did a column not long after this, and talked to Raines and asked him, and he said: "No, I've just had some problems." His wife was having a tough pregnancy. He's had marital problems most of his marriage. His uncle just died. I let it go at that. Then I went to Australia to cover the Commonwealth Games and took some vacation on either side of that. Then the story came out that he had used drugs but had stopped. For some reason, nobody really pushed him on that. It was dropped for some reason. Maybe legal problems, privacy, I'm not sure why. I didn't hear about it.

I came back from Australia and went directly to St. Louis, the World Series. And I heard that Tim Raines had just checked into a rehab center. I said, "Oh my God!" and I call my office, and I tell the baseball writer. I said: "Listen, why don't you call the club and find out, I mean this is it." This is apparently five days after he checked in, and he called the team and the team confirmed it. However, that night they issued a press release saying, "Tim Raines has checked into Careunit Hospital of Orange, etc."—which pissed me off. Now I know the PR guy, and he's a friend of mine, and he denied issuing it because we had the story. And I believed him. He said he had that release on his desk and they were going to release it the following morning, and moved it up when we stumbled onto the story. (Most stories you stumble onto anyway.)

So that was fine. So I immediately called John McHale, the president, the next day saying, "I want to go out and visit him in Careunit." I was stunned by the story. Here's a guy almost rookie of the year in the National League . . . I wanted to see what it was like. McHale explained that as part of the treatment, Raines is isolated—nobody can see him, not even his family. I said, "Well, I want first dibs on him when he gets out," and McHale said, "Fine."

Raines was released early in November. I called him at his home in Sanford, Florida. His mother took messages for about three days. I was getting nowhere. I called his agent, a guy named Tom Rich, and Rich wasn't around. He was involved in negotiating Floyd Bannister's contract. (He ultimately signed with the White Sox.) So I'm not getting anywhere. I called the club, and I said: "Listen, I want to see Raines. I can't get Rich, what can you do?" They said, "Well, we'll get in touch with him." And they called him. Raines says, "No, I'm not really interested in talking," but the club was very helpful. They said, "Listen, it is public knowledge that you were in Careunit. People are going to ask you. Why don't you talk about it? You are supposed to confront it. It's part of your therapy." "Well, I don't want to do it."

John McHale said to me, "We'll bring Tim up for one day, we'll have a press conference, and then we'll get it all out of the way." I said, "That's unacceptable to me. I'm not telling you how to run your club or anything, or what you want to do with it, but I want to go and talk to Timmy if Timmy is willing to talk to me." Well, McHale's son, Kevin McHale, who is their spring training coordinator, was down there and kind of helping Tim out and helping him get readjusted. He had moved from Sanford to West Palm Beach to break certain old associations and so finally they kept putting me off and putting me off, and I said, "I'm flying down anyway." I had no assurance that when I flew down he would indeed see me and without Tim there is no story. If Tim doesn't want to talk about it and refuses to say anything then I don't have a story.

I flew down on a Saturday and got to Kevin and he said, "Tim will see you on Sunday. Meet him here at 12:30." So I went out to the ball park at 12:30. Tim was early and we talked for about fifteen minutes. We got right down to it. It wasn't a situation where you exchange pleasantries for too long and we talked for about ten minutes and he said, "Well, I won't tell you what the drug was and this is really all I have to say." I said, "You don't have to tell me what the drug was. I mean, I know what the drug was: cocaine." Then I told him about my garage mechanic. He said, "Damn, did everybody know?" I said, "Well, sure, Tim, Montreal being a small town," and the conversation picked up from there. We talked for about three hours.

Where were you talking to him?

In the stadium, on a metal chair, and the sun shining on a nice Sunday in December in Florida. So that was on Sunday, and we went back to his condominium and he changed and we went out running. We talked some more. He is a big hero with the neighbourhood kids. He's always gotten along well with kids. Then I saw him very briefly the next day. We had arranged for a photographer. And that's all. Then it was simply a matter of transcribing the notes, which I did on the plane on the way home. We had a nice long wait-over in Atlanta. It took me about seven hours to transcribe the notes and I wrote about two hours on Wednesday, five hours on Thursday and then pretty much all day Friday. That was the longest piece.

Then there were the sidebars.

Yes. A lot of people don't know what cocaine is. So I called doctors, and then wrote a piece that said: Okay, this is what cocaine is. People reacted badly to that story.

Really?

Yes. People said, "My son reads it and he says now he knows what it is." I've heard that from people.

That must be balanced by the fact that your Raines story was about a guy who just about blew his entire life with it.

But people thought it wasn't harsh enough. They said it sounded glamorous. How that could sound glamorous!

It's obviously a very good story, and one of the many reasons it's good is because it's got a great deal of compassion in it for a fellow *human. It's an interesting winner for the sports category because you could say it's not a sports story. First of all, it's a human story.*

Sports stories are, I think.

So to begin with, you're focusing on a human who is in trouble. The other part of him is that he's a sports hero who's got just about everything.

He's got a big contract, just destined for stardom. He's the type of person who, if he kept clean for eight or ten years, wouldn't have to work a day in his life. He could live off being Tim Raines.

Did you know him through your normal work?

Yes, I covered the team, his rookie year. I covered baseball.

How well do you get to know people in your position?

I didn't know Tim really well. I wasn't as close to him as I was to certain ball players. It had been a fairly cordial relationship. I've had acrimonious relationships with a couple of the players but with Tim it was pretty light and we seemed to get along well.

Here's a guy you see but you don't know that well, but during that time, all those hours of interviewing him, you become extremely intimate with him.

In fact he was the one who picked up the phone when his mother didn't want to see me. He said, "Talk to this guy."

How did that happen?

He was talking about Sanford where his problems started, and I said I wanted to go up and see Sanford and I wanted to talk to his mother and I had spoken to her and she didn't want to see me.

Tim got on the phone and said, "Listen, I want you to talk to this guy."

What was the crucial point in the interview? At some point in the time you spent with him, he decided to really open his heart to you.

I guess it was about a half hour or twenty minutes into it when I pointed out to him that really everybody knew. They knew it was cocaine. Everybody knew about the problems he was having. Then he seemed to open up. I think he was ready to tell the story.

Editorial
Writing

Joan Fraser, Montreal Gazette

Joan Fraser was born in Halifax, grew up in British Guiana and was hired by the *Montreal Gazette* as a "green-as-grass" reporter after graduating from McGill University. She worked on cityside and the women's department, and then became the first woman reporter assigned to the *Gazette*'s financial section. She moved to the *Financial Times*, then headquartered in Montreal, where she did a variety of reporting jobs, including the science beat. At different times she was editorial page editor, news editor, and head of the Financial Times News Service. When the paper moved to Toronto, she elected to stay in Montreal and become its Quebec bureau chief. In March 1978, following a sabbatical during which she did post-graduate study in economics at McGill, she returned to the *Gazette* in her present job: editorial page editor.

She won her award for editorials which the NNA judges said displayed forceful argument, command of material, range of interest and elegance of prose. They were particularly impressed by her "pungent and graceful valedictory" on the retirement of Claude Ryan as leader of the Quebec Liberal party.

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The Scandal Continues

Tucked away in the Quebec government's proposed essential services act, as it will be henceforth in every other piece of legislation to be put forward by this government, is a nasty little clause:

"This Act shall operate notwithstanding the provisions of sections 2 and 7 to 15 of the Constitution Act, 1982."

It has nothing to do with the provision of essential services, the bill's subject. Instead, what that dry formula does is exempt this province entirely from key parts of the new constitutional charter of rights.

The rights of which Quebecers are thus deprived are among the most important in the charter: fundamental freedoms (freedom of religion, expression and so on); legal rights (safety from unreasonable search or seizure or arbitrary imprisonment, the right to an interpreter in court, and the like); and equality rights (protection against discrimination on the grounds of race, sex and so on).

The provincial government's declared reason for making this exemption standard practice is that it must protect the National Assembly's rights and powers. The government further argues that Quebecers are not in fact losing any protection since the provincial human rights charter is better and more extensive than the constitutional one.

It cannot be said too often that this is dangerous nonsense.

The provincial human rights charter, however splendidly worded, is a simple act of the National Assembly. It can be, and has often been, amended by a simple and speedy majority vote of the Assembly. A majority government could, if it wished, simply abolish all or any part of the charter.

The constitutional charter, in contrast, cannot be changed except by a long, democratic and highly public amending procedure involving both the federal and provincial governments. It is as close as any human law can be to an absolute guarantee of rights.

A "notwithstanding" clause in the constitution allows the "opting out" which Quebec is practising. But the clause was designed to allow specific and rare exemptions to be legislated by governments which, after due consideration, considered a matter sufficiently important to merit the suspension of constitutional guarantees. The Quebec government, however, is applying it to every provincial law, even those which have nothing to do with human rights. It is doing so for a petty purpose, mainly to demonstrate that this province is not part of Canada.

The rights and powers of the National Assembly which the government says it wants to preserve have nothing to do with Quebec's French vitality. They amount to the right and power to abuse essential human rights.

It is and will remain a scandal which the people of Quebec should never forget.

The People Speak

It is an insanity beyond imagining, but in the Pentagon, and doubtless in the Kremlin, strategists are calmly planning for "protracted" nuclear war.

Across the western world, however, hundreds of thousands of ordinary people are marching for peace, and particularly for an end to the nuclear arms race. In Rome this week, 200,000; in London, 100,000; in Bonn more than 200,000; in Amsterdam last fall, 400,000. And in New York today, marking the United Nations' special session on disarmament, hundreds of thousands who have come, some of them on foot, from across the continent.

If there is hope for disarmament, that is one of its strongest sources: the rise of the first massive, international anti-nuclear movement in a generation. It may well be true that some of the movement's members, even some of its leaders, are directly or indirectly backed by the Soviet Union or other ugly forces. But only widespread, deep-rooted conviction among ordinary, honest people can bring such numbers into the streets.

When that many people speak, leaders listen. It is no accident that U.S. President Ronald Reagan has started making overtures toward arms reduction. However inadequate those overtures may be, they are better than nothing—and they were not made before the peace movement became a serious political force.

Nor is it a coincidence that Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev has been making similar noises; citizens of his empire are restive, too. It would be even more helpful if the western peace marchers demonstrated in the front of Soviet as well as American embassies. The Soviets are far more inclined to unprovoked aggression than the Americans, and they do pay at least some attention to world opinion.

What has brought people into the streets is the realization that the world has embarked upon yet another arms race. Not content with the existence of 40,000 nuclear warheads which could destroy us all many times over, our leaders are rushing to build more. And nuclear technology is creeping like a cancer across the third world.

People are afraid for their very lives—and with good reason. In the past 20 months, a U.S. computer malfunction has signalled a Soviet strategic attack no fewer than 147 times. That is not unusual; a study in 1980 found that in another 18-month period there had been 151 such false alarms. It is impossible not to believe that one of these days when a false alarm sounds, somebody is going to believe it and press the button.

But that has not yet sufficed to persuade the nuclear powers of the madness of their strategy.

This is in part because the arms race has such an awesome economic impact. United Nations studies estimate that in 1981 world defence spending exceeded $600 billion—more than $130 for every person on earth.

And that money sustained a huge array of people. It is thought that 100 million people derive their jobs, directly or indirectly, from military spending. Particularly at a time of worldwide high unemployment, governments do not like to tamper with programs which employ so many people.

That is not only true in the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Consider, for example, Canada's reluctance to halt sales of nuclear fuel to Argentina, a country which has clearly demonstrated its disregard for all international conventions.

That fuel could contribute to the making of a nuclear bomb, and Argentina said again this week that it might conduct a "peaceful" nuclear explosion. But Canada persists in this clearly immoral sale, because our nuclear reactor industry is in trouble and needs every order it can get.

Yet the arms race is in fact an economic drain, not a benefit. Vassily Leontieff, the renowned American economist, has calculated that if the arms race is accelerated for the rest of the century by no more than three per cent a year (the present NATO "target"), standards of living will drop significantly everywhere in the world.

Furthermore, if military spending dropped to about two-thirds the present level and only one-quarter of that money was channelled to the poorest countries, there would be wide-ranging benefits everywhere—including the industrialized countries. That, of course, would be in addition to the benefits gained by more productive use of the money kept in the rich countries.

So to the argument of survival one must add the argument of economic logic. Even that, however, is unlikely to persuade those who have presided over the creation of the world's nuclear arsenal. For them, as for politicians and autocrats throughout history, only one thing is likely to be ultimately compelling: fear that they will lose power.

So let the people march. Their slogans may be simplistic and unrealistic; it will be a delicate and complex business unravelling Medusa's coiffure. But they are the source of all power, and if they show that they want the process to occur, they may yet pull us back from the brink.

97 Joan Fraser

Coming to Fresh Terms

For some time now, it has been clear that this province's majority French and minority English communities need to come to fresh terms with each other. The first step in that process is for the English community itself to define its needs in the context of modern Quebec's French reality.

That is what Alliance Quebec, the new English umbrella group, will try to do at its first annual general convention this weekend. The Alliance has worked hard to draw membership from across the province and from all social and ideological groups. This weekend's meeting will show whether those diverse members can indeed agree on a common, workable position.

They have been given a good starting point in the draft policy paper put together by an Alliance committee.

Some of the points it makes are almost humiliating. It should not, for example, be necessary to have a resolution stating that "the English-speaking community has a legitimate right to exist," or that Quebecers should be able to receive health and social services in the language of their choice.

But it is necessary to affirm those things, and to state explicitly just what is needed to achieve those goals—for example, changes in the language testing system.

It is necessary because, in the long march to affirm French Quebecers' identity and guarantee their security, the identity and security of their fellow citizens has often been forgotten. And under the present government, too many laws and policies have had the effect of wiping out both the English language and key components of the English community, notably its institutions.

The challenge for English Quebec is to show that the English community can survive and openly flourish without in any way threatening Quebec's French character. It is to show that English Quebecers understand and accept the need to speak French to participate in this province's mainstream.

But the challenge is also to win explicit acceptance from the French majority that English Quebecers do not have to hide their identity to be publicly acceptable, that the English community has a right to exist, and that in their own community and institutions, English Quebecers have the right to continue to conduct their own individual and collective affairs in their own language.

To achieve those goals, English Quebec must organize a collective, coherent, specific message. It is not something the English community is accustomed to doing, but it is the direction in which we must go.

Paying for Our Old Age

It is no use trying to evade the unpalatable truth. Contributions to the Quebec Pension Plan are going to have to rise substantially, and fairly quickly. Otherwise the plan will run out of money before the baby boomers become pension boomers.

That is why, in Ottawa as well as in Quebec City, plans are afoot for premium increases and indeed for major overhauls of the entire pension system. And certainly overhauls are needed; more than one-half of Canadian workers still are not covered by any private pension plan.

So it is not surprising that now Quebec should be considering large and rapid rises in QPP premiums, as the employers' group the Conseil du Patronat reports. The rate of increase it says is being considered—a hike of nearly 150 per cent in the next five years, to 8.6 per cent of salary (split between workers and employers)—is probably more than workers and businesses can afford in a time of recession. But some such increase, staged in a little more gradually, must come.

What is *not* advisable, but what is also being seriously considered, is an expansion of the Quebec (and Canada) pension plans to provide better benefits for more people. There are far better ways to improve the total pension system than by expanding the government plans like Topsy.

The Caisse de Dépôt et Placement du Québec, which invests Quebec Pension Plan contributions, is already the Goliath of Canada's financial markets; it has a portfolio of more than $14 billion. Giving it an even bigger share of our collective wealth might not matter if it were a neutral investor, seeking only the best return on pensioners' money—but that is no longer the case.

For the past two years the Caisse has been acting as a direct tool of provincial government policy, lending to the province at less-than-market rates (as the Canada Pension Plan also, regrettably, does) and taking an active role in directing companies where it holds a large or controlling block of stock. That role is not necessarily one of increasing the return on pensioners' money; it seems more often to be one of meeting the government's political goals—not a proper function for a pension plan.

Instead of giving such a politicized agency control of an even bigger chunk of the economy, the public should be demanding a return to the Caisse's old arm's-length relationship with the government.

But other reforms should be directed at the private sector. One would involve the creation of portable pension plans for small businesses. Another would be to simplify portability—that is, transferability—of pensions between private firms' plans.

Another change of enormous potential benefit would be to make all or most pension income tax-free, thus limiting the pension needed to achieve a decent standard of living. If other income were taxed at the same marginal rate it would incur if pensions were fully taxable, this would not mean that the "rich" got an unconscionable tax break.

Our society is aging; inevitably, its pension bill will rise. There is no reason, however, why the government's share of the economy must rise with it.

A Scandalous Rip-off

"If nobody respects [price controls], you don't need them."
—Benoit Lavigne, president of the Régie des marchés agricoles du Québec.

Truer words were never spoken. And that is the most important implication of the fact that for several years now some Quebec dairies have been giving large illegal discounts to some food store chains. It throws much of the logic of this country's excruciatingly expensive dairy subsidy and price maintenance programs into a cocked hat.

These discounts have been worth many millions of dollars—perhaps as much as $100 million—over the past five years. The benefit was not, however, passed on to the consumer in lower retail prices.

Studies have shown that dairy subsidies of one sort or another cost Canadians about $1 billion a year. Some of that almost anyone would agree is justifiable; in the absence of any kind of market control at all, dairy farmers would be exposed to great risks and real hardship from the vagaries of the market.

But from that reasonable starting point, we have erected a crazy framework of subsidies and market "controls" which are clearly unnecessary.

If the dairies could afford to offer regular discounts of between five and 10 per cent, the government-set minimum official price of 69 to 72 cents a litre is obviously too high. And if stores which did not get discounts could survive selling milk at the same government-set retail price (77 to 82 cents a litre) as those which did get discounts, the official retail price is obviously also too high.

Yet today the industry will ask the Quebec régie to raise that retail price by another eight or 10 cents a litre, of which only about half would go to farmers who may need it. And it should be recalled that if farmers do need it, one reason is that the production quotas they must have cost more and more—in

British Columbia last year, the right to produce and sell one litre of fluid milk a day cost $130. Those are costs for which there is no inherent need, and which the farmer must recover in the selling price of his milk.

The biggest scandal is that governments at both levels know all this. They know about the inflationary nature of quotas; they know and have known for a long time about the discounts; they know about all the abuses of the system.

They do nothing because they are afraid of losing farm votes. But particularly in a time of grave economic hardship, a system which imposes so many unnecessary costs on both farmers and consumers is intolerable.

Ryan's Gethsemane

Beyond the summer lull, the thunderclouds are building over Claude Ryan's head. If the provincial Liberal leader manages to retain his job despite the widespread animosity to him in his own party it will be, on current form, something of a miracle.

That is, of course, properly a matter for the party itself to decide. Certainly there are glaringly serious flaws in Mr. Ryan's leadership. What is distressing, however, is that so much of the current discussion seems to be blaming him for the wrong things. It does no service to Quebec or to the Liberal party, let alone to this man of great dignity and worth, to have the debate so badly distorted.

It is not true, for example, that Mr. Ryan is a traitor to the French, or to the English, or to federalism, or to Quebec. Quite the contrary. He has never wavered from the admirable dedication to personal freedoms, to French Quebec's blossoming, to minority rights and to a strong Quebec within a united Canada that was the basis of his campaign for the Liberal leadership four years ago.

Mr. Ryan is blamed by some French Quebecers for being a sort of hostage of the English. That is ludicrous. His position on

English rights is, in all essentials, unchanged from the one on which he was elected leader: a far greater recognition of English rights in education and elsewhere than the Parti Québécois would offer, but continued vigilance and protection for the French fact.

Many anglophones resent him for not going further, and in particular for his speech last fall pointing out the obvious: that unless the Liberals can appeal more to francophones they have no hope of getting elected. Agreed, Mr. Ryan stated this simple truth clumsily. But that awkwardness did not merit such wholesale bitterness.

Many Liberals also resent, to the point of suspicion about his federalist credentials, his position during the constitutional debate. This newspaper was among his strongest critics when he voted for the Parti Québécois resolution condemning the accord reached by the federal and other provincial governments. That position, however, was entirely consistent with the kind of principled federalism, based on consent of all major partners, that Mr. Ryan has long upheld. It detracted in no way from his commitment to Canada.

Indeed, his conduct then despite such vociferous opposition demonstrated once more Mr. Ryan's great political courage. He simply is unwilling to let short-term politics influence a position he believes to be right; another recent example is his proposal to give up Quebec's claim to Labrador.

Perhaps the biggest single accusation against Mr. Ryan is that he lost last year's election. Here, the critics are getting closer to the real problems of his leadership.

It may be that no Liberal leader could have won that election against a living myth of the stature of René Lévesque, and Mr. Ryan did manage to bring the Liberals' popular vote within a whisker of the PQ's. It is also true, however, that he made an astounding error in political judgment when he decided not to make independence an election issue, thus allowing the PQ to shelve almost all discussion of the first and most important article in its program.

That lack of a basic political instinct is crucial. It is perhaps inherently linked to Mr. Ryan's determination—enunciated in his leadership campaign and since then—to make the Liberals a party distinguished by its "unalterable respect for intelligence," one that would never stoop to "methods used to sell soap or beauty products."

Mr. Ryan's dedication to rational ideas and discussion has given the Liberals some of the most coherent and constructive positions in politics today. But his unwillingness to recognize that politics is and must be a series of civilized compromises, and that the most admirable platform in the world is no help if the people do not understand it, is a major political flaw. He has said more than once, in effect, that he would rather be right than be premier—a most risky position for a political leader.

He too often ignores the fact that a decision made for principled reasons may have an effect exactly opposite to what was intended—as did his constitutional vote in the National Assembly, which the PQ used to bolster its case for independence.

The Liberal leader has done badly in another key task, keeping his party united and motivated. It is no use to castigate the party membership for this; a leader's job is to inspire others to work with and for him.

It seems more than likely that if Mr. Ryan could get elected he would be one of the greatest of Quebec premiers. Whether he can get elected is a different if crucial question, one that will properly concern party members now considering their duty.

But if they decide he should go, they should be very clear in their minds and to the public about why they are doing so. If they reject Claude Ryan it will be a personal tragedy for Mr. Ryan, who is one of the finest of Quebec's citizens. But if out of ill-considered spite they also reject the best of what he represents, that will be a tragedy of historic proportions for all of Quebec.

Interview with Joan Fraser

Editorial opinion is often cited as the principal justification for press freedom. How do you feel about that?

The principal justification, no; *a* principal justification. I come from the school that says what matters is what the public does and what matters about what determines what the public does will be the information it has available to it. Then I think what editorials do is suggest some order and logic to the way that information can be put together and considered and acted upon. I think editorials—I hope that editorials—prompt people to insights they might not have had, perhaps give ordinary people or people in positions of authority some ideas they might not have had about what they can do about a given situation. More often, I suppose, what editorials do is lend support to one side or another of a debate that is already being carried on in the public. I think all those are very important things. The expression of opinion is certainly one of the principal justifications of the free press. But to say that it's *the* principal one would imply that only people who write for newspapers have opinions that matter.

Going right on with that judicative, or whatever you want to call it, role the newspapers have—telling people what matters, what's good, what's wrong—how do you rationalize your role as a sort of monitor of everything?

How do I rationalize it? In a sense I don't even think I have to rationalize it except that one might wonder why I have this job instead of somebody else. But whoever has this job has to do that. That is really why one would like to have as many newspapers as possible in every market. Because things that fall between the cracks in one newspaper, with any luck would not fall between the cracks in the one down the street. The market being what it is, the thing you have to worry about is whether you are missing things that are important, or whether you are misinterpreting things. But in the last analysis you just have to soldier on and do it as best you can.

All right then, let's switch to my role in this partnership: How and why should I read you?

I think you should read me mostly to keep your mind going. With any luck, when you read me, you will read me with a critical eye. You will think, "Does this argument make sense or doesn't it?" And if you decide that my argument doesn't make sense, I hope that I have at least put you in a position where you have to have good reasons for rejecting my argument. If you have done that and if I have managed to prod you to do that, then the level of public debate has been improved.

Editorials speak the language of persuasion. What do you think is the most effective approach to writing for the purpose of convincing people?

I don't think there is any one most effective approach. It will depend on the audience you are trying to reach. It will depend on the topic in question. An editorial page editor who certainly is quite a wise person once said to me that every editorial has an audience—not the whole audience of the newspaper, but *an* audience to whom that editorial is specifically aimed. It may only be one person. You may be writing an editorial that could be headed, Dear Prime Minister: Do this. But you should keep in mind who precisely it is that you're trying to reach with a given editorial, and then try to write in a way that will make sense to, will reach, that person or group of people. But you can't reach everybody with everything.

Do you consciously use particular devices of style to assure the impact of what you write?

The only one that I and we try to keep always before us is clarity. Clarity of argument and of prose style.

That's certainly evident from your entry. How is the paper's editorial line kept consistent? How is it passed on?

Mostly by continuity of the people who are sitting in the editorial meeting and writing the editorials. We have a nice degree of continuity there. We don't have an enormous turnover. We have some, fortunately, because otherwise we would all become fossils. But the majority of the people on the board are people who have been on the board for a while and therefore we have thought together for a certain amount of time and, I think, have developed some reasonably consistent ways of looking at things.

When you hire someone, is part of the procedure to find out how that person thinks—what his or her political philosophy embraces?

Yes. We have quite a wide range of opinion within the editorial board—but not from one extreme to the other, because if you had all the extremes you couldn't reach a consensus. Whoever it is has to be somebody who can fit in, by and large, within the range of opinion that we already have. Or else who is sufficently cogent and well researched and persuasive to budge us.

The philosophy of the paper to which you refer, the way the paper looks at things—can you describe it more precisely?

Well, in the Quebec context, the first thing to say is that we are a federalist paper. And that is, incidentally, by conviction, not by corporate fiat. We are strongly in favour of minority rights. I suppose that too comes as much from our situation, but it's not something that is dictated by our readers. We all live in Quebec as well, and so I think we have become conscious of the need for the protection of minority rights across a very wide scale: not just linguistic minorities but all kinds of minorities. On matters economic, we are basically pragmatic, I would say, pretty middle-of-the-road, and on political matters, non-partisan, with the exception, as I say, of being fundamentally federalist.

You have assembled people whose talents you admire, whose convictions are somewhat compatible. Now—how do you operate? Do you get together once a day? What happens?

Yes. We meet first thing in the morning; the first thing in the morning is 9:30, quarter to ten.

How many of you are there?

At the meeting there is the editor of the paper, Mark Harrison, me and four writers. We go over the news of the day or whatever else may be bugging any one of us. As each topic is raised, we discuss it and work out a consensus. It's not always a rule of absolute unanimity, but it is a rule of consensus. The publisher of the paper comes to the meetings quite often and even the publisher abides by—I think greatly approves of—the rule of consensus. If he has an editorial he wants us to write, what he does is argue the case for it, and if he doesn't persuade us that that's a good editorial, then we don't write it.

Presumably there are fields in which various individuals tend to write the editorials. But if a person were not enthusiastic about the consensus, he or she wouldn't write that particular editorial that day.

Absolutely. But I will say that if the person whose beat it is is not enthusiastic about the consensus, we'll do some pretty heavy soul-searching before we write something, even getting somebody else to write it. It has to be a pretty major thing that the rest of us feel strongly about to make us go against the person whose field it normally is.

How long is the meeting?

It varies. On days when there are a lot of people absent and there is not very much news, we can get out in an hour. I think the longest we've ever had was two hours and three-quarters—because at that point you have to go and get the paper out. But usually an hour or an hour and a half.

Is the editor the chairman or are you?

I am.

Then you all depart from the meeting, each person with his or her assigned editorial?

We work out our consensus on all these topics and then I assign them. Sometimes we have more consensuses than we have spaces for editorials. So I assign who's going to write what. And we all go off and write our editorials and, oh, mid-afternoon, people bring them to me and I go over them with them, and at that point any changes are usually for style, for clarity of presentation. Perhaps I'll remind the writer of points that were made in the meeting that have slipped between the cracks in the actual writing. But there is not usually at that point any major difference of opinion about what we're going to say—unless the writer has gone off and in the course of his research has found a whole lot of new facts that prove that we were wrong in the meeting. And then after I go over them, and the writers make any changes that are necessary, which isn't usually very much, then I go in to Mark Harrison and he reads them. He may make a suggestion or two about style, but he very rarely has anything extraordinary that he wants done. Very, very rarely.

Theoretically, are the editorials the voice of the publisher-in-council?

Well, they're the voice of the editorial board. We have a little blurb that appears in the paper once a week, identifying people on the editorial board, including the publisher. What it says is that the editorials reflect the collective opinion of the members of the editorial board. And that's the literal truth.

It's a very interesting exercise. Obviously you make it work.

Somebody who worked here for awhile said that it was very much like the political process. He advanced the theory that that was a useful function for editorial pages to fulfill. To have a group of people sit down and arrive at a common position that they could all live with was not unuseful; parallelling what goes on in governments.

Your editorials here are informed by a very graceful and civilized kind of mind and person . . . yet an anonymous one. What do you think of the French-language papers' and, for that matter, the Kingston Whig-Standard*'s use of signed editorials?*

Because of what I have just been saying about this business of consensus, I like the English tradition of not signing editorials. I think that it is a useful exercise to have a group of people work together to achieve a point of view that they can all defend with some conviction. Also I find it interesting watching what is going on in the French press here where they sign editorials, and where they are also, little-by-little (much more *La Presse* than *Le Devoir*, but even *Le Devoir* a tiny little bit), moving into the business of having columnists. And when you have signed editorials and columnists it becomes very, very difficult to know which is which.

Tell me a bit about the role of anger in writing an editorial. For instance, the one in which you describe the power to abuse essential human rights. This is an angry statement. Another time you describe "insanity beyond imagining." I would call this an effective use of anger. Would you agree?

Well, I think you just put your finger on it. One tries to reserve an angry style for occasions when one really thinks it's needed. I think if you indulge in anger every day, which is an enormous temptation--I mean, goodness knows there are than enough things to get angry about—if you never write anything but angry editorials, people will tune out after about three days. Because they just can't bear the shrill tone.

You become a scold.

Yes. So I really think you should save your angry ammunition for when you think it's really needed.

You express from time to time a feeling almost of disdain for the essential principle that guides politicians of simply staying in power. This is a consistent theme.

I don't have any disdain for, on the contrary I have a great deal of respect for, the basic principle that a government must please the people. Otherwise why have a democracy? But, there comes a point in the life curve of any government where it has had to alienate so many people that it then has to go out and curry favour on a more generally, perhaps, unjustifiable basis, with specific groups. And that's the point at which I start to get very twitchy about the desire to stay in power. I don't blame them for wanting to stay in power. But somebody has to point out that they have now reached the point where it's not a natural process and they have to bribe people.

This beautiful editorial on Ryan does a lot of things. One of them is that it states very sharply some observations of your own about general principles: A leader's job is to inspire others to work with him and for him. A decision made for principled reasons may have an effect exactly opposite. These kinds of things interest me and they are born of a great deal of knowledge and confidence. How did you get that way?

I probably was born with far too much confidence. There are some topics though, more seriously, that over a certain number of years, living in a given situation or in a given profession, you think a lot about, and you reach some reasonably settled convictions about them. I don't feel that degree of confidence about the whole vast range of human activity.

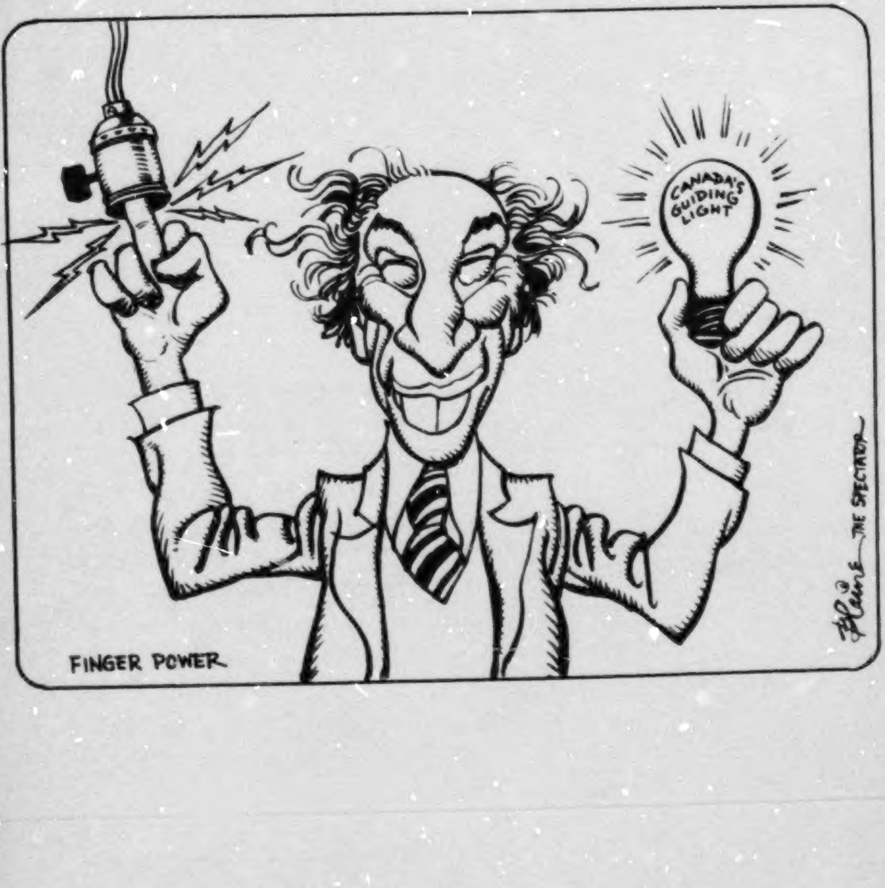
And when you express those convictions to an audience including me, what do you hope to achieve?

I would hope to persuade you to my way of thinking and I would hope that you would then go out and act upon what has become our shared way of thinking.

Cartooning

Blaine, Hamilton Spectator

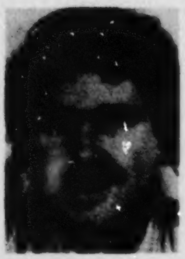
Blaine, who formally adopted what had been his first name as his full legal identity, has won a previous National Newspaper Award as well as many other prizes in his twenty-one years as the *Hamilton Spectator*'s editorial cartoonist. His work has appeared in the *New York Times*, *Time* magazine and *Playboy*, and he is the only Canadian winner of the international Reuben Award.



CANADA'S GUIDING LIGHT
FINGER POWER
Blaine © THE SPECTATOR

Critical
Writing

Peter Goddard, Toronto Star



Peter Goddard's first newspaper job was at the *Varsity*, the student newspaper at the University of Toronto, where he was studying for an M.A. in music. He freelanced for the *Globe and Mail* while lecturing in music at York University, then joined the full-time staff of "After Four," the *Telegram's* innovative youth section then being developed by Johnny F. Bassett. He later worked as a general assignment reporter and as part of the paper's entertainment staff. When the *Telegram* folded, he joined the CBC as an arts commentator and nine years ago moved to the *Toronto Star* as a columnist-critic specializing in pop culture and music.

Goddard is 39. He has written for popular magazines and academic journals and contributed reports to royal commissions on violence in the communications industry and drugs. The NNA judges noted his "sound musical scholarship, sense of perspective and leavening good humour."

How to Spot Rock Types

It might appear to the uninitiated or uninvolved that pop music fans, like the followers of British football, are all alike and all equally unruly.

The truth is quite the opposite. There are more factions, sub-factions and sub-sub-factions going to this summer's bumper crop of concerts than there are garrulous sects among Protestants. And as with theological disputes, the differences between one kind of fan and another, although barely noticeable to the outsider, can be enormous indeed.

Music has something to do with it, of course. Someone who finds their heart enraptured by Engelbert Humperdinck is not likely to get much out of a punk performance at which the singer is graphically describing nine ways he's going to tear off your face. And vice versa.

The real differences, the kinds that often end up with a collision of fist and teeth, go beyond the musical. Social distinctions are as jealously guarded among rockers as they are at any country club. Often they are just as petty. It is permissible to wear a Black Sabbath T-shirt to an AC/DC concert. To arrive at the same event wearing a Kenny Rogers T-shirt would be considered hopelessly wimpy, however.

For many of the same reasons, there are certain concerts certain people should not attend. They may be discovered. Excuses may be needed. If you're discovered at a hard-core punk event, wall-to-wall in black leather, by your company's lawyer, for instance, you may have to hastily explain that it was a disgusting habit picked up in an impoverished youth and you can't break it.

Better still, whack him with your chain. Then ask him what *he's* doing there.

To help everyone better identify the various crowds who are going to pop concerts these days and nights, we've prepared the following collection of profiles. Study it. It may help you avoid getting lumped in with a loud, sweaty lot of heavy metal freaks. Or with Engelbert Humperdinck devotees. Whichever seems worse.

REGGAE

There are, in fact, two reggae crowds. The original and basic following for this danceable roots music from Jamaica is, not surprisingly, made up of Jamaicans. The other crowd is not made up of Jamaicans—although many in it wish they were. They are usually white, middle-class, somewhat political and very concerned about community. They are, in short, hippies 10 or 15 years down the road. They can tell you everyone who ever played with singer Peter Tosh and can spell the name of the trio Black Uhuru. What they often can't do is discern a great reggae song from something that's awful. Just as often what they're smoking makes the issue fuzzy. They dance at the drop of a bass note. They eat good, organic natural foods. "Herb" is their favorite word after "man." They're worried about their health, yet they often look wan. They are generally harmless and would only want tea, not your 12-year-old scotch, should you invite them home. They regularly head to Jamaica and, with reggae songs in their head, feel they've made a radical advancement over their parents, who used to head to Jamaica humming Harry Belafonte songs. They haven't.

NEW WAVE

Although occasionally given to dyed hair, shocking colors in shocking combinations, and/or high-camp styles, the new wave crowd usually looks like a convention of computer programmers—which it often is. Until recently it was the fashionable group until it was discovered that the secret new bands the insiders kept talking about—Heaven 17, Haircut 100, Ultravox—were just as boring as all the ratty familiar bands even the most lumpen outsider knew. Still, this crowd retains some of its social superiority over the other crowds mainly because no one else can figure out what it's all about. For the neophyte, a copy of *Wet* magazine, a smattering of German tossed into the conversation, and complete up-to-the-second knowledge of the latest technological gimmick help. Don't worry, though, about being caught up in a new wave crowd. You'll never know it—and they'll never tell.

MIDDLE OF THE ROAD

A mysterious and proud race, middle-of-the-roaders can be downright militant about their sheer, blatant averageness. The most enraged heavy-metal crowd is no match for a group of Anne Murray fans whom someone has called "kooky." Wally Crouter, on CFRB radio, is their main man and for music they tend to Billy Joel, Neil Diamond, Diana Ross (when she's not being too funky), Carly Simon, and James Taylor—any of the 1960s singers who, over the years, have come to show their true, middle-of-the-road colors. This crowd is into health; not a whiff of smoke of any kind could be smelled at the recent John Denver concert at Maple Leaf Gardens. They jog, play racket sports, and often eat good, organic natural foods. They're contemporaries of the reggae crowd but lost their sense of commitment about the time the mortgage rates started going up. They, too, are generally harmless but should you invite them home, it'll be your 12-year-old scotch, not tea, they'll be after.

HEAVY METAL

There's nothing too loud for a heavy-metal crowd. Uriah Heep played at full volume? A train wreck? A dead cat thrown through a plate glass window? Kaaa-rang. More. Gimme more. As you may have guessed, heavy metal is not merely a matter of music but a question of faith—the belief that no excess can ever be too much. Women tend not to be attracted by this. As a result, it's the last completely male bastion this side of the York

Club. And in its way, it has clubby rules. There's a uniform—tight jeans, the more worn the better; T-shirt advertising one heavy-metal combo or another; boots; and long hair. And there are certain codes of behavior to follow. If, for instance, you are going to fall down roaring drunk, taking at least one usher with you, only do so after the 15-minute guitar solo, which because of its intensity and sheer repetitiveness, will likely be the only thing you'll remember anyway. One rather caustic critic said that certain heavy-metal crowds weren't exactly comprised of future nuclear physicists. "They couldn't spell 'Jimi Hendrix' if you spotted them the first 10 letters," was the way he put it. This was unfair and not true. For example, no crowd knows more ways of smuggling illicit booze past police into Maple Leaf Gardens.

JAZZ

As it is with reggae, there are two jazz crowds. The division here is generational, not racial. The older crowd likes its jazz in bars, is known to take a drink or a dozen while in these bars, and gets misty-eyed when someone mentions such quaint-sounding names as Mezz Mezzrow, Miff Mole, Lucky Millinder, or anything about Kansas City. To this crowd, jazz was—and still is, on occasion—an entertainment. That Earl Hines may be the most gifted pianist in any style in the entire 20th century means less to this crowd than the fact he can swing like a tropical forest before a hurricane.

The new jazz crowd takes it all much more seriously. It rarely gets misty-eyed. Rather, it gets angry when certain names are mentioned: Cecil Taylor or Charlie Mingus or Albert Ayler—men who suffered because they played "black classical music," or what many new jazz fans have come to call jazz. The younger crowd wants the music out of the bars and into the concert halls; it doesn't want to pay concert-hall prices yet.

The old crowd prides itself on being able to name the most obscure sideman and the most obscure record ("Frankie Newton? Didn't he play trumpet for John Kirby back in '40?"). Not the new crowd. It's into theory. It can tell you which inversion of the dominant ninth pianist McCoy Tyner played just before the augmented sixth. I mean, this crowd takes its jazz *seriously*.

PUNKS

The most maligned group of them all, the punks went completely out of style a while back, after it was discovered they really didn't want to cut themselves, but were only looking for a better record deal. They're back and back in force, though, at places like Club Domino, off Yonge Street, pale kids in from the suburbs, drenched in leather and beating the stuffing out of each other doing something called slam dancing. Now, slam dancing is jitterbugging for sadists and masochists. Punks and punkettes bob up and down and, when the moment is right, literally slam into one another. And this is where the misunderstanding comes in. Psychologists, sociologists, musicologists and, in all probability, tree surgeons all think this behavior indicates severe emotional/social/musical or ringworm problems. It indicates nothing of the sort. It is, in fact, fun. And it keeps you in shape, which is more than you can say for bingo.

FUNK

The old funk crowd was cool. The new one is aggressively cool. It's not into Marvin Gaye, but Rick James, king of "punk funk" or rhythm 'n' blues with a rocket in the rhythm section. Punk funk is a street style with designer overtones. You should look as if you're perfectly capable of making it behind enemy lines in Iran and at the same time, finish no lower than third in the weekly soul train dance contest. The radio is optional. The "I've-got-you-covered-turkey" look is absolutely essential.

COUNTRY

If Nancy Reagan, clothes designer Ralph Lauren, and the producers of *Urban Cowboy* had their way, we would all be wearing $300 western boots, drinking Jim Beam bourbon and, in just about every other way, acting as if we were all good ole boys in the good ole city. But the fake urban-cowboy country crowd went the way of so many other fads and what's left is the real country crowd, which is to say people who look like everyone else but who listen to country music. Well, that's not entirely true. Bring a country music show into town and you're likely to see more pantsuits there than anywhere else. And the belts tend to be more handsome and everyone seems to have a Kodak camera attached to their hands. They are generally harmless—unless you say something untoward about George Jones—and should you invite them home, won't want your tea or your 12-year-old scotch. Most likely they will have brought an even better scotch with them.

BIG BANDS

The older big-band crowd tends to be nostalgic every chance it gets and you can always fob off the latest incarnation of the "Tommy Dorsey Orchestra" on it. The young crowd, the ones who ignored the Beatles for Stan Kenton and have some musical training, is made up of fanatics. There's no other word for them. They know the names of sidemen in bands that decent, common folk didn't know even existed yet. They think rock is trite, punks are ridiculous, jazz is for snobs, and they're ready to fight to prove their point. They have a hungry look about them and they tend to be thin. They look like they couldn't beat up a pillow, but many have secretly trained in karate. A lot of them carry pocket calculators. If they've had musical training, they're that kind of musician who can play anything—a note, fly speck, grease-drop from a Big Mac—that's on paper. They will probably end up ruling the world.

Sinatra Still Works on a Grand Scale

OTTAWA—Frank Sinatra was in and out of this town faster than an election promise. But he played politics as well as anyone who has been here for years.

Before Sinatra jetted back to New York Saturday night (he opens at Carnegie Hall tonight), he had boosted local civic pride by saying Ottawa was "obviously the most beautiful city in all of Canada," and had been received at a $1,000 and $2,000-a-plate dinner by another veteran smoothie, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, and helped raise over $700,000 for Ottawa Civic Hospital.

In theory, it was impressionist Rich Little's day—he had talked old Blue Eyes into coming 14 months ago. It was in practice, too, after Ottawa mayor Marion Dewar named September 11 Rich Little Day. But Ottawa-born Little knew who really had the clout.

"Frank wants me to come on after him," he told the approximately 10,000 people who paid from $30 to $100 for the concert. Each ticket read, "Rich Little and his friend, Frank Sinatra." But Little gave his nervousness away—he used his own voice, even if many people didn't recognize it. "I mean, how do you follow Frank Sinatra?"

He paused, thinking about it: "Carefully, very very carefully."

This is still the manner used around Sinatra. It has been there since his Rat Pack days in the 1950s, but then it was an inside Hollywood style. Now it's everywhere. It's jokily deferential—but deferential just the same.

To the outsider it may seem excessive. "Alors, he's just a pop singer, after all," said the wife of one guest from Quebec, where Sinatra doesn't mean quite the same thing as he does in English-speaking Canada. Maybe. But this is one pop singer who dances with Nancy Reagan and recently opened a $90 million casino in West Africa.

He's 65 and way past his vocal prime. And when he calls himself "just a saloon singer" it's less an attempt at false modesty as much as his own way of reminding himself of where he came from. But he works on only a grand scale these days.

In fact, that's what his performances are about. They're short—well under an hour at the Civic Centre—and they're impeccably produced. On occasion they manage a kind of greatness only he can achieve. But they're there to polish your memory of him to an added lustre. They're monuments to his own memory.

Even his appearance has been affected. I noticed it first with his mouth. It was set, hard, an older man's mouth. His eyes had lots of play in them, but the mouth and jaw were all business. Then there was his body. He's no longer the chunky *padrone di casa* we've seen in recent years, a one-man over-the-hill gang; he's lean and trim from the sit-ups and push-ups he reportedly does.

And for the first time I could see why the bobby soxers 40 years ago felt this skinny kid from Hoboken was so sexy—it came from the way he moved in his always perfectly tailored suits.

He probably knows that he has less and less of his voice left; that while the sound's rich and gorgeous in the middle range, "the sound of a cello," as one friend describes it rightly, the top and bottom ends have thinned out and he hasn't quite the wind capacity he had. So he has to compensate with tricks and finesse, like Muhammad Ali near the end of his career.

So he used his body to deliver what the voice couldn't. He cocked his left hip and leaned his right shoulder into the piece. His right hand held the mike and his left arm would reach out, almost patting the words in the lyrics floating by. And constantly he circled the stage, working first one side then the other. It was as completely physical a performance as anyone in rock gives, but its physicality came through in the least perceptible of ways. It's what he held back that counted as much as what he gave; it was the little motions, not the grand gestures, that mattered most.

Within these limitations, he was unbeatable—still.

The program was standard enough, ending with "New York, New York." As always he gave credit to the song writers and the arrangers, usually either Don Costa or Nelsón Riddle. And although the acoustics were bad—tinny, hard and unsympathetic to strings—the band around him, including seven of his own musicians, played well.

But in this context, anyone might have fared well. It was what he did with the songs—Rodgers and Hart's "The Lady is a Tramp" or Harold Arlen's (with Ted Koehler) "I've Got The World On A String"—that made the concert his alone.

The Rock 'n' Roll Generation Gap

"Tell me," said the kid, "what it was like back then."

Well now. Are you imagining a roaring fire and some bright-eyed youngster at the feet of the old grizzled salt about to hear some adventure-packed yarn from the roaring days of yesteryear?

You're close. Actually the meeting took place in an office at *The Star*, the kid was a reporter for a high school newspaper and the old salt in question—we'll discuss grizzled later—was, ahem, me. And what he wanted to find about was rock, from the '60s to be precise. He'd listened to it, of course. But he wasn't sure he'd really heard it.

Rock embraces two generations now. To be more precise, it embraces *at least* two generations. One grew up as the music itself did, the other grew up with the music all around it: one with The Beatles, the other with The Beatles' legacy; one in the fractious '60s, the other in the irritated '70s. Both generations—and it's tempting to say, "both sides"—agree that rock is a good thing. But that's only where the confusion begins, this common agreement, much the way Americans and Canadians remain divided by a common language. Both sides think they agree about the music and its place in the grander scheme of things, but they don't. Both sides think they understand the other better than other generations have understood one another because of a common interest in the music. They don't.

I asked a dozen or so rock fans, none older than 18 and thus none older than Beatles' music, what they thought of some vintage '60s rock. In part, I wanted to find out if the music stood up after all these years and for a different generation of listeners. I wanted to see which of the links between generations remained. The way things worked out, we agreed on some matters (we hated "mellow" in all its forms) and disagreed on some.

It became a question of priorities. For most of the older generation, rock was—and is still, in many cases—a central consideration, the key to broader concerns: brand new emotions and potential revolutions. The next generation has picked up this cue. It's tried to make rock central to its life, buying far more records than the first did. Yet, all the while it's sensed the music really isn't all that important, that it was there for fun. Simply put: the second generation needs the sound the way the first needs the words.

Of course, that one style of music should carry such weight over such a broad span of time is remarkable in itself. Those who heard, and knew right down into their bones, what Elvis Presley was all about, quickly and adamantly rejected what had come before, the big band sound. But the first generation was far less tolerant of the past than the second generation has been. Presley's "Hound Dog" of 1956 came only 15 years after Glenn Miller (who died in 1944) was at his peak. Yet kids who are now buying Diana Ross' current hit weren't alive when she was already a star with the Supremes, *20 years* ago. It's possible enough that their *parents* were only teenagers themselves when Frankie Lymon and The Teenagers first recorded "Why Do Fools Fall In Love," in 1956.

Throughout the century, popular musical styles have changed every 15 years or so. In fact, the music industry was banking heavily on some major new force, style, or personality to arrive in the early '70s, the 15-year mark after rock 'n' roll first reached the mass, middle-class white market. What the new generation received was not a new kind of pop, however, but one that was an extension of what had happened before. What was new, though, was rock's position in the scheme of things. Once it supposedly ran counter to the culture all around it. Now it *was* the culture itself.

Rock started as a cottage industry: Grace Slick once said The Jefferson Airplane only signed with a big corporation (RCA) in the hope of subverting it from within; The Beatles invested millions in Apple Corp. hoping for a form of western communism. Rock has ended up as a billion-bucks mega-business, outstripping the television and movie industries *combined*.

Although it's no longer the case, rock saturated the '70s and rock's second generation, giving it a different view of what it is than the first generation has. Take the sense of rock history itself. To the first generation, Jimi Hendrix or The Beatles were acts they saw or tried to see; they were important, but in a living musical and theatrical sense. But, to the second generation, reared on hyped-up rock histories and prepped by awestruck deejays or critics who talk reverentially about the "greats of the past," Hendrix and the rest are near-mythical figures. The first time I met Janis Joplin, she was slouched in the back of a station wagon, suffering from menstrual cramps outside a Holiday Inn in Buffalo. To the second generation, she's almost as great as Bette Midler's The Rose.

That rock is seen to have a history at all runs counter to what everyone thought it once was. It was to have been the antithesis to such bookish, scholarly stuff. It was meant for now, not for an asterisk in a history text, right?

This distortion of history has led to much of the revivalism going on these days, particularly of Creedence Clearwater Revival and The Doors. It has, in fact, changed the substance of the music itself. The punks, while flamboyantly rejecting the soft-focus fantasies of '60s and '70s rock, chose for themselves yet another fantasy image, this one from the '50s. Suddenly, everyone in every band was wearing leather like Brando in *The Wild One*.

The first generation grew up understanding something of rock's roots in both black and white folk music: in blues and rhythm 'n' blues, in country and rockabilly. The great blues revival in the early and mid-'60s was as much a product of this sensibility as it was due to the works of the civil rights movement.

The second generation grew up expecting the technology the '60s rockers had developed. Cut off from the music's roots, it instinctively understands its inner workings. The change came about when rockers started "playing" the studio, the way they once played instruments. Quickly enough, technology became rock's base. That the '70s generation should have extended its taste for technology into computers and electronic arcade games was inevitable: Pac Man, the electronic arcade game, is David Bowie's true heir just as he was The Beatles' successor.

And this, of course, has led to differing expectations. For all of the banks and banks of giant amps Cream used, they were, basically, a white blues band. To rock's first generation, the music was still a folk music, and what it said and its texture had social reverberations. Inevitably this importance was overblown, as The Beatles were compared to Schubert and John Lennon, Bob Dylan (or whoever) was dubbed the spokesman of his generation. But the sense that the music *meant* something culturally, however ill-defined this meaning may have been, was still there.

The second generation doesn't look for any such meaning and, in fact, has almost come to ridicule it. The '70s movie version of *Sgt. Pepper* treated the original '60s music like a soundtrack for a pop-world Disneyland. Fun, pure fun. No one worried whether "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds" actually was a secret LSD song.

Indeed, the major antagonism between the two generations has arisen from the question of the music's meaning. The first has tried to impose on the second not just special ideas of what rock is about, but, more significantly, the sense that the music must have meaning. And, in rejecting all of the first notions, the second generation has also rejected the second. It has trumpeted pop's meaninglessness and come to champion music defined by its form, not its content: disco, rockabilly, do-wha girl groups or Top 40 pop.

Simultaneous with this has been the older generation's need to review the music and the myths it grew older with, as if they were umbilically attached. What Albert Goldman's *Elvis*, John Gray's play *Rock and Roll* and *The Cockroach Trilogy* all have in common is this act of demythification, whether it came about out of fear, fondness or loathing for the music involved.

Significantly enough, though, this struggle between the generations has taken place within the sphere of rock. The second generation's rejection of the first took on an outlandish, typical rock means—through the comic-book nihilism of the punks. The first generation's demythification is part of ongoing rock myth as a debunking agent.

These struggles have confounded rock radio stations who are trying to program for both generations. The first, baby boom, generation is larger, they know, and it has far more economic clout. But the second represents the future. The same consideration confronts rock critics, those grizzled and those not.

Its resolution is inevitable, of course. The younger fans I talked to cared less and less for The Beatles—they were simply too distant. As for someone named Elvis Presley—they'd thought it was odd he had the same name as Elvis Costello.

Liza: A Mix of Klutz, Classy Actress and Show-Stopper

So there she is, barely halfway through her show and Liza Minelli's eyelashes fall off: You know, the serious, black, brittle ones which make her look like Bambi well-done on a rotisserie. It's opening night at Roy Thomson Hall Saturday and she has what look to be two haute couture caterpillars crawling around her face.

"I so wanted to be chic for this beautiful new hall," she mumbles to herself, her two male dancers hovering anxiously nearby.

The lashes won't be moved. She sighs and begins peeling "the little suckers" off her flesh. Does this happen to Cher? Has Raquel Welch, who's not exactly smooth, ever had to stand sweaty and hot in front of a smart, bejewelled crowd who've paid $35 a seat, fixing her face?

Did this ever happen to Judy Garland?

No. Of course not. Garland's daughter is no longer Garland's Little Girl. She's 36, on her third marriage—Saturday night, as a third anniversary present to husband Mark Gero, she sang "Maybe This Time"—and she has finally crystalized a style of her own.

Or, rather, she has an antistyle. Call it klutzy class. She's brilliant at it and, at moments, her show reflects this brilliance. At other moments, however, it simply can't contain this supernova of a woman—then she seems to be everywhere—and then it goes nowhere.

It's a very physical event and it marches its honesty like a parade through town. Most every costume change is done on stage—for instance, from black tights to those Kit Kat Klub *Cabaret*-decadent frills which look like they're from a George Grosz etching.

She's surrounded by a 12-piece band, but the night featured the actress in her, not the singer. And it centres on two key pieces from two key movies in her career: *New York, New York* and *Cabaret*. They're like bookends for everything else and end the first and second halves of her two-hour concert, respectively. Along the way, she makes enormous demands on our sympathy.

She also demands a blind eye to her many tricks, which she also received. As she gulped down a drink of water—where else but near centre stage?—she reminded one woman of her own infant daughter.

This of course, was exactly the point of it, this apparent flash of insight into the personality-in-the-raw. It was Liza, forever the showbiz babe, throwing caution and illusion to the wind . . . carefully.

All this is overdone and overbearing at times and even her breathlessness can come to seem like so much pure hot air. But when it works—and this is trimmer and much better focused than recent efforts at the O'Keefe Centre—it works in a league all its own.

She remains, in one way, the ultimate fan; her act is not really show business but an act of praise to show business. If nothing else, you can revel in her sheer enjoyment of what she does.

But then, again, maybe there *is* a parallel for what she accomplishes—in boxing. In fight terms, she's a puncher, a brawler and a fighter, not a boxer. She gets along not by finesse, but through an arsenal of power. She's not going to feint and hit you where you aren't looking. Instead, you know she's got a knockout punch, she's going to tell you it's coming—and *wham*! she's going to floor you anyway.

Her act's first half—and she's on stage tonight and tomorrow night—is merely a set-up for her first knockout, the strutting, kicking, nothing-but-climactic "New York, New York." This first hour includes a lovely moment or two, including a rather subdued (for her) "How Long Has This Been Going On?" It also shows her at her worst, in "Liza With A Z," a mindless piece of music wrapped around a lighter-than-air idea.

But as the medley of New York songs begins, everyone knows to what it's leading. We know where the punch is coming from. And there she is, bent in half, with her head up, her eyes on the crowd, winding up for the punch—winding up literally. Her right fist is rotating like a windmill as she goes for that first high note.

Pow!!

And, in case that didn't finish you off, and the bit from *Cabaret* wasn't enough to end the second half, her encore is a reprise of "New York, New York." Complete with her head-down-wind-up-and-punch bit.

John Simon, the acid-tongued critic from *New York* magazine, once criticized her for her appearance, suggesting her nose resembled a ski run and her lip, a pendulum. He was on the right track, but for all the wrong reasons. This is not glamor. This is struggle to be glamorous.

"I pick the roles I do," she once said, "because I believe that no matter how crummy a thing is, there are people who come through. The interesting time is when they stumble but get up."

Like her.

Diamond Stranded Between Schmaltz and Cool

Whatever else Neil Diamond can do, he knows how to reach the middle—the middle-class, nearing middle-age, that no one else knows what to do with. These are folks in mid-life with all those manageable crises. These are folks too young for Frank Sinatra and uh, a bit too stiff in the joints these days for rock 'n' roll; people who grew up in the late '50s and '60s but who dropped *in*, not out; fans wanting desperately to let a jumble of deeply rooted feelings out.

And out they tumbled. Just look at how they carried on Friday night at the first of Diamond's three shows at Maple Leaf Gardens—the third, starting at 11:55 last night and ending merely hours ago, was scheduled because of the enormous demand for tickets. If only their kids could have seen all 19,000 of them, standing up, goofily happy smiles on their faces, hands outstretched and swaying in the air during "Song Sung Blue" as if movie director Steven Spielberg was auditioning them for crowd scenes for a remake of *Close Encounters.*

In front of me, a man in an $850 pinstripe suit and the look of a lawyer was waving his arms frantically during that vintage Diamond crowd-rouser, "Brother Love's Travelling Salvation Show." And he was giving the peace sign—two of them! A little earlier and several aisles over, a heavy-set woman with grey hair had waved her orange Bic lighter in the air during "I Am. I

Said," shedding a little light on a song that drips a lot of schmaltz.

Musically, Diamond's still somewhere between Las Vegas (he sings about being forever in bluejeans, but has a spangled stripe down his pant legs) and lost illusions (the theme which runs through many of his lyrics). But that wasn't at issue here—a good thing, actually, as he apparently has lost the bottom end of his voice. You see, music was really only a byproduct of what he really was up to—playing this crowd.

To watch everyone file in, you might as well have been outside the O'Keefe Centre with the newest hot musical inside—except, I guess, for the scalpers loitering along the sidewalk asking and getting as much as $40 for a wretched ticket in the greens. But that was outside. Inside was another matter entirely. Here they began to shed one inhibition after another, snapping up $5 all-color Neil Diamond programs and, in general, doing all those things people their ages aren't supposed to do, at least not in public.

But Diamond knows this. This is why he still calls them "kids." He knows about all the inhibitions and knows how to expose them. Midway through his two-hour marathon he jumped up on the piano and soon had everyone in the seats behind and to the sides of the stage up on their feet ("Did you have to pay for those seats?", he asked) as a chorus to a loose version of "Dancing In The Streets" (or "dancing in their seats," as he called it).

In this setting—although calling the Gardens, that rhapsody of concrete, a "setting" is stretching the truth fantastically—this had all the gloss of high-powered Vegas wheeling and dealing. In truth, it was much closer to a campfire singalong.

It was something else as well, a cover-up for an act that's stalled in mid-career. Now in his early 40s and with over 20 years in show business behind him, Diamond is an introspective, shy figure—off stage, that is. On stage, he's sinuous, sensuous and has an ego about the size of Alberta. "We were in a limousine," he explained, describing how "Kentucky Woman," an early hit, came to be written. We? His band was in the same limo? No, as it turned out, after several more "we's" it was evident he was speaking about himself.

In a way, he's come to see himself as being larger than life—at least larger than a Hollywood flop after his debut acting role in the most recent remake of *The Jazz Singer* attracted the kind of notices fans of the Montreal Canadiens usually hurl at the Toronto Maple Leafs. Ironically, it's the basics which are beginning to desert him.

His singing, for instance. The top end of his range seemed as secure as ever Friday night, but the bottom end was ragged, harsh and, on occasion—during the aforementioned "Kentucky Woman," for instance—it sounded completely out of character. This was a voice that sounded misused.

Not that the sound system helped, exactly. In my wandering around the Gardens, I noticed that from every angle, there was too much bass. Song after song began with an enormous hum prompting me to hope at one point the Gardens' ice-making machine had backed up.

But the problem went deeper than that. Until this weekend, he's always avoided show business schtick, even if it was in favor of his own I'm-sensitive kind. Friday night, though, he used good portions of the Tom Jones book of tricks plus a few notions borrowed from others.

"Actually, this is the most difficult song I have to do," he said. "I have to sit down in these pants."

Actually, the pants weren't that tight, and all the line got was the giggle it was intended to get.

Actually, the most difficult thing was watching his act go in this direction.

A Day in the Life of the Summer of Love

It was the summer of *Sgt. Pepper* and we were going to Expo.

*Every*body was going to Expo in Montreal that summer 15 years ago; some because it was the country's centennial, some because they were curious about the place Charles de Gaulle had just called "le Quebec libre"; but most because the summer was sweet, warm and welcoming. Hey, listen; there wasn't much else to do and we weren't going to worry about it.

So three of us piled into an ancient Renault and started out along Bloor Street. Barely two blocks later, we saw Bonnie, a friend of ours, and she said she'd come along too. Her boyfriend, Terry, was already there, she said, and it sounded like it might be fun to surprise him.

But other surprises were in the works. Hours later, as we came into Kingston, we thought it might be even more interesting to head south instead of east. So we ended up in Miami. Then on a plane. Then on a beach in Nassau. We had about $70 all told and one charge card, the Renault died on a Florida highway on our way back and everywhere we went we heard the music from *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

It was twenty years ago today
Sgt. Pepper taught the band to play
They've been going in and out of style
But they're guaranteed to raise a smile. . . .

The album was released in June. Throughout July every radio station played it repeatedly. By August everyone had a copy or knew someone who did. Listening became a ritual. It was the first time when the music did seem to embrace the world around it . . . and the last.

Europe was about to erupt in violent protest, Nixon was on the way to becoming the next American president, French president Charles de Gaulle during a visit here ignited separatist feeling in Quebec and war still raged in Viet Nam. But it was to become the psychedelic summer which would give the entire '60s its most rosy memories. It was the first summer a generation lived without nostalgia—and the last.

On the last Saturday of July, 15 years ago, a 15-year-old boy was arrested for possession of four bags of pot. He was caught in a telephone booth. "He is the youngest person ever charged with the offense in Metro," said the police.

It was the first time an album of rock 'n' roll would be a social phenomenon as well as a musical one, and the last.

Other albums, before and since, might be considered artistically superior: The Beatles themselves recorded some (*Rubber Soul*, *Revolver* and *Abbey Road*, for instance). Other albums have cost more and sold more, although the four months and more than $100,000 spent on it seemed outlandish at the time. (Fleetwood Mac spent two years and more than $1 million on *Tusk*.) But *Sgt. Pepper*'s place in pop music is similar to Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* in Baroque music; it's a summing up and focal point of most of what had come before. It became the standard point of reference. It was inescapable.

And we were expecting it—sort of. Everyone knew the Beatles were up to something during the winter of 1966. They'd given up touring the year before and had tried to drop out of sight, involved in individual projects. George Harrison went to India twice to study with Ravi Shankar and John Lennon was off to Spain to film *How I Won The War*. Rumors and stories about their drug trips were everywhere, but then again, rumors and stories about *every*one's drug trips were everywhere.

For the first time in memory, nice, middle-class kids knew something their nice, middle-class parents didn't and the secret was shared via the radio. The year began with nutty-putty pop songs such as "Snoopy Vs. The Red Baron" by the Royal Guardsmen, "Winchester Cathedral" by The New Vaudeville Band, Nancy Sinatra's "Sugar Town" and The Monkees singing Neil Diamond's "I'm A Believer."

But that's exactly what we were doing. Scattered in among the silly pop stuff was something else.

There was the Buffalo Springfield's eerie and memorable "For What It's Worth." The Rolling Stones sang "Ruby Tuesday" on radio but could *not* sing "Let's Spend The Night Together" without censorship on the Ed Sullivan Show. The Spencer Davis Group had "I'm A Man," The Jefferson Airplane released "Somebody To Love" and from out of nowhere and from a band no one had ever heard of, called The Doors, came the most startling piece of them all. It wasn't just the sexuality of "Light My Fire" that made it seem dangerous. It bordered on anarchy and no one—in North America anyhow—was ready for that. This wasn't the summer to march on Washington, but to crowd into San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district.

In the midst of all this was the strangest song the Beatles had ever recorded. "Let me take you down," was the way "Strawberry Fields Forever" began.

They'd begun it in November the year before and, through John Lennon's insistence and with producer George Martin's help, they recorded it over and over until it was textured perfectly. "To this day, they believe it was the greatest single they ever did," says local radio producer David Pritchard, whose past series on the Beatles is still played on radio networks.

It was also the start of *Sgt. Pepper*. "The idea," Paul McCartney said after it was released, "was to do a complete thing that you could make what you liked of. Just a little magic presentation. Normally, 'a new Beatles elpee' would be just a collection of songs or a nice picture on a cover, nothing more. We wanted to make it something more. A complete show."

From John Fowles' novel *The Magus* to Federico Fellini's movie *Juliet Of The Spirits*, the mid-'60s were fascinated with fantasy and with what Fowles' hero Nicholas Urfe called "the God game." To produce the extraordinary melange of sound on *Sgt. Pepper*, the Beatles began to play the recording studio the way they'd once played their instruments. To produce its show-within-their-show, they played the God game.

The title song yanks up the curtain on their real-life circus. "A Little Help From My Friends," which follows, is Ringo Starr's song, a bit of throw-away vaudeville that sets up what's to follow. "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds," criticized as being an acronym for LSD but written, according to Lennon at the time, about his son Julian, is evocatively trippy nonetheless, with its "tangerine trees and marmalade skies."

"She's Leaving Home," with its rising harp arpeggios, seemed to be a pretty bit of throw-away fluff at the time, a daughter's disappearance confounding the parents. But knowing that the '60s true legacy is the politics of the women's movement tells me the young girl "meeting a man from the motor trade" is the real hero of *Sgt. Pepper*.

Right from the start, the album ran into stiff criticism. John Gabree, in *Downbeat*, said that the band had "never been in the vanguard of popular music." Richard Goldstein encouraged an enormous deluge of outraged letters to the *New York Times* when, in his review of the album, he said the work "will be [seen as] Beatles baroque—an elaboration without improvement."

But that wasn't the point. Everyone *lived Sgt. Pepper*. For there was the piece which ended it all,"A Day In The Life." Even Goldstein admitted to the staggering impact of this two-part song. A precursor to today's lean, pared-down sound, it began, "I read the news today, oh boy," and ended with, "I'd love to turn you on."

A generation lived between those two lines that summer.

Interview with Peter Goddard

As a columnist-critic in Toronto you are in some fairly fast company. Were you surprised that your pop culture pieces won the top award versus, say, the legitimate theatre critics and so forth, by whom you're surrounded?

Somewhat. Although I thought they had every reason to. I never understood why, especially in the newspaper awards, the kind of criticism that is most suited to newspaper writing, and reaches a newspaper's audience, as opposed to a magazine's audience, or CBC art show's audience, shouldn't be reasonably understood. The one argument I've had with the awards so far is that often they've gone to essayists—sometimes great essays, fine essays—but they have gone to that . . . which is not using newspaper work.

Why is what you are doing more suited to newspapers?

I'm not saying it is more suitable, I'm saying it is as suitable. The question should be: Why would somebody writing about ballet in a newspaper receive an award as opposed to the person who covers the night beat? There's not really a definition for a lot of what happens in the arts in newspapers, because in fact a lot of it is spot news reporting but it is a particular kind of news, not unlike sports. Its closest parallel is in sports. I think for instance the Pulitzer was won by a Boston baseball writer for an overnight piece, which is absolutely wonderful. Because that's the kind of work you do, and on some days, people do it brilliantly. That's the kind of arts coverage that should be recognized—whether it's a theatre critic or the music critic or anyone else.

Fair enough. Two of the pieces that were in your entry are sort of anthropology—explaining cultural phenomena to people. Is this a regular approach of yours?

Yes, I probably do a lot more of that than other people in the field. I do it for two reasons. One is that a lot of things that occur are so new and have such a, say, fringe, following—that is fringe in terms of numbers as opposed to attitude—that the world at large needs a definition of what it is and who they are and why they're doing it. I also feel that I cover an art that really is of a popular, populist base and that a lot of the feelings and thinking of people or peoples are accepted in the art. You have to explain that the people and the art are not separated.

In the kind of manifestations you are describing in these pieces, it occurs to me that the punks and so forth need pop critics like yourself. Without you, they don't exist. Who defines the culture first—the pop artist or the pop critic?

This is sort of the interior history of pop culture which may have been creating itself recently. It was because of that, because a generation came along that knew how to create itself, and alongside how to manipulate the media, and make an image, and do all these things that get you on television, get you recording contracts, get you in movies.

So this is a problem for the journalist because you're part of the process. How do you deal with that?

You just densen your filters. Or just make sure that whatever gets through is deserving to get through.

Your citation and your biography indicate that you are musically sophisticated, and yet surely you find yourself from time to time, as a pop critic, writing seriously about non-music . . . heavy metal, for instance.

Well—yes and no. I don't think it's non-music. I honestly don't. I think what it is is a perverted version of something—but it's not non-music. But, in any case, I'm really a reporter and I'm proud of that fact. That's what I do, so I cover a lot of things. I like it. I genuinely get a buzz from it. One problem is the whole question of can you grow older with this thing called popular culture. I don't know the answer to that. I know all the older people I talk to—Peter Townshend, Mick Jagger—those people have the same concern. I believe one thing did happen. Things were redefined somewhat. I mean you can grow older and never wear a tie. Society now allows that kind of thinking.

You won't be dragged off in two years and done away with because you've turned forty in the pop business?

A lot of it has to be done by a younger person. Not because my sophistication is too great for it, but because of the kind of sheer simplicity, the kind of enjoyment you should write about, just as a reporter. Somebody should be able to go who is younger and say, "Wow! This is wonderful!" I may think it is wonderful, but I may not be able to reflect the true zest it brings.

A problem you're touching on, and this would deal with criticism generally, is the problem of what I would call satiety. You go to something all the time. I go to it now and again. Eventually aren't you in danger of expressing a viewpoint that doesn't relate to mine at all?

Yes, that's an ongoing problem.

Does it matter?

Oh yes, very much so. Too often the insider is a person who seems to have a hidden body of knowledge that the public doesn't understand. The public, especially the critical public, think they understand plastic arts, atonal music, something like this. "Oh," they say: "Yes, yes, we must have criticism like that." They want it in the *Globe and Mail*, they want it in the *Toronto Star*. They want to see it. They don't read it, but they want it there. I think the critic, especially when he progresses further and further, starts appealing to a peer group, his peer group, starts writing peripheral stuff—and that's one of the biggest problems. You have to keep saying, "Wait a minute. There is somebody out there."

If you are going to stay in the newspaper. Otherwise you are going to start writing theory for its own sake.

To answer your question about satiety: I do radio work and I write essays and I'm writing books and I write newspaper and magazine pieces. I write for obscure critical journals and I unleash all my frustrations that way. But I really enjoy being in this city at about eleven o'clock at night—not every night, because I have a kid and I have a wife—but I enjoy that sense of being there and knowing what the city is about. If I have any link it's with the police reporter. That's this whole function of overnightness.

The Sinatra piece and the Liza piece have themes that transcend a *musical performance. Do you go with that thought in mind? Or do you go and sit there and it hits you?*

Oh, it hits you.

When did you write these pieces?

Overnight.

You finish the concert at eleven o'clock or something, go to your hotel room in Ottawa, and write the piece?

Yep.

How long would it have taken you?

An hour.

There are some really nice phrases and allusions in these deadline pieces . . . "Bambi on a rotisserie" . . . and the whole concept of Sinatra the consummate politician. There's a wonderful descriptive line in here, "an older man's mouth."

That startled me. Sinatra is at that part in his life where physically he is set. I mean nothing will change. It will erode. He'll shrink. He's already shrinking. But what will happen is suddenly he'll be very old and he won't be around anymore. But the body will not weather. It's mummified.

It's preserved by push-ups too.

Yes. But—his mouth is an old man's mouth, an old Italian man's mouth. It's nothing to do with the absence of teeth—I thought it was, maybe dentures—but there is something shrunken about it and something incredibly tender. I wanted to go on, I wanted to do another paragraph on that. But I realized it would be such a tangent. I think it's the key to Sinatra. It reminded me of a horse. When a horse is hurt, when his mouth is hurt, you suddenly realize what a tender beast a horse is, how sensitive. That's what it reminds me of.

So intimations of mortality are good for Sinatra. He's a nice man now.

Well, I'm the only person in the world who still thinks he sings well. I think his range is about six inches. But nobody is going to touch him. It shrinks though, it keeps getting smaller, and what he does, he does less, less times, fewer songs—but still the right ones.

It's obvious from talking to you that what fuels your working life is the immense pleasure in seeing these human beings in some kind of a context, as people as well as performers.

Well, I'm a snob really, to be quite frank.

In what way?

Well, I love ideas more than probably anything—ideas and good food and better wines. I'm really that kind of person. I overindulge myself far too often in all those aspects. But two things about it interest me: it's there and it's ripe for writing. A lot of things aren't ripe for writing. I can't imagine anybody talking about Wayne Gretzky in a way that's going to surprise me.

Obviously you know a lot of the people you are talking about. You have to in your business. Do you have a problem both associating with and writing about people? How do you handle it?

The truth is that almost all those people have something of me in them. The whole idea becomes . . . recognizing yourself. In the piece about rock types—which really are not rock types, they're *all* types—if you look at it carefully, the only person missed out there is who you might call the classical type. Those are my way of handling society. For instance there is this thing called the middle-of-the-road person. Well, that's me as well as Anne Murray. *I* am a dark and mysterious race. Too often too many people would see the word "punk" and associate it with that narrow thing in music—where in fact it's a part of society.

Has any critic had a strong influence on you?

I loved criticism at the beginning and at the time I loved criticism, I was trying to do it. I read Tynan and Pauline Kael. Pauline Kael very early, and Richard Goldstein when he was writing for the *Village Voice*, writing pop; it was exquisite stuff. I remember sneaking their metaphors and using them for myself at the *Globe and Mail*.

Every student journalist wants to write rock criticism. What would be your advice to them?

I don't think of it as rock criticism to start with. There is no such thing. There's criticism, and subdivision one is music criticism, and whatever you say in music about Led Zeppelin you can say about Beethoven. If you can't, don't do it, I think. I mean, a whole different set of criteria and emotions and words are used, but the same basic principles. First of all there's a thing called standards and one of the standards that cannot be used is that you like it, you get off on it. That's not a standard.

What is?

Well, the musicality. You have to understand something about music. A lot of people don't, and when they hear somebody pouring their soul into a song, which is what a singer-songwriter should do anyhow, they think: "My God, this man cares—

therefore it's good." But it's *not* necessarily good. Often he cares, but he cares badly—and he shouldn't be caring, or he should be caring when he is doing a totally different line of work. So you have to have a gut feeling. You don't need a musical education for this, but you have to have a gut feeling for what works in music and what doesn't work. And particularly when you are now dealing with something called "rock criticism," because so many of the forms used are new to the users. They may not be new to music. In some cases they are brand new. Nobody has ever heard them before. Different textures, different sounds, different attitudes, different ideas put together. But in some cases they are new to the user who uses them in such an ingenuous way that he uses them correctly, where the more trained musician couldn't use them.

It's like the naïve artist and graphics.

Yes, very much so. Some of the great melodies are written by, have been written by, non-professionals. Where some of the great professionals could not do it as wonderfully. The Beatles got worse as they got better. They were smart enough to go to an area where their sophistication would have some value, away from songwriting per se and into the studio. That's why the Beatles continued to be a major creative force. So I think that's the first thing—to have some musical background, some gut feeling about the music. I think another thing is to evolve your own language right from the start. Use your own way of describing it. The music industry is incredibly powerful and I don't think people realize the power it has had for the last twenty years.

You point that out in one of these pieces.

It really permeated far more than, I believe, say, movie culture. Everybody walking around the city of Toronto has been far more affected by this culture than any journalism school or any newspaper realizes. I'm not talking about rock-and-roll-we're-all-going-to-have-our-hair-long-and-smoke-dope. I'm talking about something very fundamental. They've committed themselves to music and they've committed themselves to that kind of hedonism.

Well, we certainly are surrounded at all times by popular music.

And with popular music comes a culture, and this culture is totally manufactured, and therefore its manufacturers should be scrutinized constantly.

This is what you consider an important part of your job, then?

Yes, very much so. I don't think people realize the impact of the media generally. Here in Canada we are just beginning to have our media heroes in Barbara Amiel and so forth, which is great, but we are really late at getting to that point. I think we've got to look a step beyond it . . . the incredible impact of this thing. What I deal with is media. The movies still are considered "The Movies," or even sometimes an art form, but I really deal with media of a different kind.

If I were standing in front of a class of would-be music writers I'd throw that out at them. There are a lot more technical things to talk about—the use of language. So many words are used that I think are totally useless. When you want to describe what it is, use your own set of metaphors; use your own similes. If it's like your sister Sadie, it's like your sister Sadie.

These are very conscious efforts to make me see what you see?

Yes, make you see what I see, but also make you see it first, not the way I see it, but in a way that doesn't allow you to hook into the way somebody else, or everybody else, has seen it. I guess this is part and parcel of doing any writing but it's very important now, especially since pop criticism is being littered with a thousand and one familiar adjectives. From stuff that is insider stuff like "heavy metallurgy"—which is a way of describing a heavy metal band at work, to outside stuff, you know: exclamation marks. And I think it's lost its ability to be evocative.

Richard Goldstein, when he was writing on the *Village Voice*, had this bizarre collection of metaphors that were wonderful. He called Leonard Cohen The Saint With the Drippy Nose or something. Perfect! Absolutely dead on. We've created a kind of writer who either deals in rock music's history, deals in its politics—so-and-so is out, so-and-so is in, this style is in, that style is out—or deals in its performance practice. And they do so because the nineteenth century was loaded with, "This music reminds me of the composer banging a hammer on his head and blood dripping down." So everyone has reacted to that. We need to re-react because I think it is one of the reasons why it's a very restricted audience. There are too few people around who can create in a totally non-music-lover the desire to see it.

Which is one of the things you want to do?

Oh, yes. I think the media should be more aware of this being a medium and not just a bunch of crazy hippies. Secondly, though, I think it's serious music.

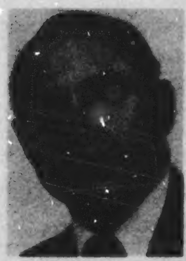
News
Photography

Robert Taylor, Edmonton Sun

Robert Taylor, 28, began taking pictures as a hobby in 1978, sold some to the *Edmonton Sun*, and was hired as a full-time photographer in 1980. He won his award for this shot of Mrs. Peter Pocklington fleeing from the gunman who took her millionaire husband hostage in their home.

Spot News Reporting

Christopher Young, Southam News



Christopher Young worked summers for the *Winnipeg Tribune* while attending the University of Manitoba, joined its full-time staff after graduate work at Oxford, and has been with the Southam News chain, which currently owns 14 of the 117 daily newspapers in Canada, ever since. He did senior desk jobs at the *Tribune* and the *Hamilton Spectator*, then switched to reporting, as parliamentary correspondent and national reporter for Southam News Services. In 1961 he was appointed, to his "great astonishment," editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*, a position he held for fourteen years. He ran Southam News for six years and then, because he wanted to get back to writing, switched jobs with Nicholas Hills, Southam's London bureau chief. Hills became general manager, and Young became Southam's London-based senior correspondent.

Young, who is 56, has covered stories around the world in such places as Japan, Russia, Vietnam and China. He was in Lebanon three times in 1982. The judges called his award-winning stories from Beirut "an outstanding overall effort." The citation added: "He avoided the temptation to over-write, and let the facts speak for themselves. There was an element of personal danger involved and considerable deadline pressure."

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Only the Silence and the Flies

BEIRUT—The first thing you noticed was the silence. When I entered Sabra refugee camp in the company of a Lebanese driver, nothing at first seemed to be stirring. Even our footsteps in the sandy street sounded intrusive.

Two men lay on their backs beside a front door, their legs buckled under them. A few yards away another man was curled up on his side in the fetal position.

We turned down a narrow side street, lined with small, boxy houses made of concrete, with walled courtyards and bits of garden.

A woman of 60 or so rushed out of one of the houses as we passed. Sobbing and wailing, she shouted words of grief and rage that were not hard to understand without the language. Her hands kept making signs of short distance, a couple of feet or so, as a fisherman describes his catch.

She was saying, my Lebanese friend confirmed, that a small child was inside, shot by the "Christian" soldier who had come to Sabra camp a few hours earlier.

At the dead-end of the street was a pile of 11 male bodies, like football players frozen at the end of a play, some face down, others lying in strange positions looking up the street watching us come.

As we approached more closely, we could see the thousands of flies, crawling over the faces in the hot sun, swarming down the collars of open-necked shirts, clustered round the places in head or torso where the bullets had entered.

On top of the pile of older men was one who looked like a teenager, almost in a sitting position, his startled eyes open, looking as though he was about to get up to greet us.

There were no guns in evidence on or near any of the bodies we saw.

A CTV cameraman walking in another street saw a woman shot in the back. Other women were seen crumpled with dead children in their arms.

The Beirut French-language newspaper, *Le Jour*, reported Sunday that a witness who escaped had described how a mother had pleaded on her knees with the soldiers to spare her five-year-old son.

The officer commanding the group ordered the child killed with the reply: "Later he would grow up to become a terrorist."

In a courtyard I saw seven men sprawled between a side door and a battered old car, typical of the dented, rattling vehicles that roar and screech their way around Beirut from early morning till late at night, whatever the latest military force that claims to be restoring order in the city.

This is why the silence had seemed so striking. Beirut is a noisy place, and the refugee "camps" on its southern outskirts are only districts of the city. They are not camps in any sense that a Canadian would understand the word, although they originated with refugees from the Arab-Israeli war of 1948 who at first were housed in tents.

The atrocity of Sabra and Chatilla was carried out by soldiers of the Lebanese Forces, the army of the Christian Phalange party that controls the government.

It is also widely reported that the Christian Militia of Maj. Saad Haddad was involved. Haddad's men have controlled a large part of Southern Lebanon under Israeli direction since the civil war of 1976.

The atrocity was committed under the noses and guns of the Israeli army, which encircled the Palestinian refugee districts and could not possibly have been unaware of what was going on.

Looking down those streets next morning, where only the buzzing of flies, the footsteps of reporters and cameramen, the sudden wail of the few women who had somehow missed the bullets interrupted the unnatural silence, it was all too easy to imagine the noises that must have been heard during the massacre.

The men were mostly gunned down near their doorsteps or up against walls, presumably called out of their houses, rounded up and then shot.

The women and children were mostly killed in their houses, wherever they happened to find themselves in the gunsight of a soldier.

The numbers killed in the massacres of Sabra and Chatilla may never be exactly known, but they are in the hundreds, perhaps over 1,000.

Correspondents have reported seeing corpses being driven away from the scene in trucks. Some bodies were scooped together with bulldozers and covered with rubble. Even if it had been possible to go into every street, courtyard and house to count the bodies, that would not be all.

The Israelis have confirmed officially that the move into the camps by the Phalange troops was jointly planned. Israeli tanks encircled the camps, covering the exit roads.

The story that the senior Israeli officer decided two hours later that things "might get out of control" and used loud-hailers in a attempt to call back the Phalange suggests both an obtuseness and a delicacy of action that are not at all characteristic of the Israeli army.

For at least two months, Israel had held its forces back from taking the ominous step of moving into Moslem West Beirut. Last Monday, with the controlled evacuation of the PLO fighters completed, the last elements of the American-French-Italian supervisory force withdrew from Lebanon. The Lebanese army began to take control of the city.

Late Tuesday afternoon, Bashir Gemayel, leader of the Christian Phalange and president-elect of Lebanon, was assassinated in a car-bomb explosion. More than 20 other people were killed and some 60 wounded in the explosion, which wrecked the Phalange party headquarters in the Christian district of Achrafiyeh in east Beirut.

That night the Israeli army moved into the Moslem half of the city, which it had so scrupulously avoided while the PLO was there. The reason given was the need to prevent reprisals from the Christian side for what was undoubtedly a Moslem atrocity against the president-elect.

Yet when the reprisal came—horrible and indiscriminate—the Israeli forces made no effective attempt to stop it.

Those Lucky Enough to Have Lived Tell Consistent Tale of Death Camps

BEIRUT—Survivors of Sabra and Chatilla had to be either lucky or smart. Arabia Hussein was a bit of both.

A large woman of 32 but looking much older, she has eight children—and she and her husband managed to save them all.

She is full of anger. It is focused specifically on the Israelis, even though they did no killing, also on the Americans, the French and the Italians, the providers of the multi-national force who went away and left the Palestinians to their fate, and on U.S. President Ronald Reagan and Israeli Prime Minister Begin personally.

The two names ring through the language barrier in Arabia's flaming rhetoric as she tells what happened, suckling child no. 8 at the same time.

While the world of international politics wrestles with how the Beirut massacre is to be investigated, survivors are telling a rather consistent story. When I went back to the camps last weekend, a week after I had walked their silent streets past the bodies of the murdered people, I found the neighbors and kinfolk ready and anxious to talk about it.

"That's my home," said one old woman, waving her hand at a pile of rubble two-and-a-half metres high among some blasted trees.

"I'm not sad for my house," she said, beginning to weep. "I'm sad for all the people who died." She burst into uncontrollable sobbing and could not continue.

But let Arabia Hussein speak, because she is clear about times and days and because she embodies the tragic cycle of driven people and religious hatred that caused this tragedy.

Arabia was born and lived all her life in Chatilla refugee camp. Her parents were refugees from Palestine, and they ended up here, her mother pregnant with Arabia, two years after the first Arab-Israeli war of 1948.

On that fateful Thursday, September 16, Arabia Hussein could get no bread in the village market of Sabra camp a few streets away. She went home to make some bread but a neighbor told her the Israeli forces had surrounded the camps the previous day.

She and her husband gathered up the eight children and left immediately, without clothes, supplies or belongings.

They went to the nearby community of Ghovbeiry where they were able to stay in an empty school. That was where they were smart.

But that Thursday night, with 10 hungry mouths to feed, Arabia went back to Chatilla to get food from the house.

The killing was done silently. This corroborates Israeli statements that their troops did not at first realize the extent of the massacre, even though they knew the Christian militiamen were in the camps hunting for "terrorists."

Throats were cut. People were clubbed with axes. Guns were fired with silencers. Arabia later learned that a neighbor had been breastfeeding her child when she was shot.

Arabia heard a sound that cannot be written but can be imitated—something between a snoring and a gurgle—a sound that told her someone's throat was being cut. She left even more quietly than the killer, retracing her steps to the empty school. That was where she was lucky.

Arabia said the killing was done by the Christian Phalangist militia or by the freebooting Christian militia from southern Lebanon under Major Saad Haddad.

Everyone interviewed in the camps mentions one or other of these militia groups, or both. Both of course deny responsibility. Both are close to the Israelis.

Haddad has operated a private army under Israel's direction to counter the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) in southern Lebanon. The Phalangists have been in league with the Israelis against the PLO and with other Moslem military groups, and have the additional motive of vengeance for the assassination of president-elect Bashir Gemayel on September 14.

Kayed Mohammed Kaddah, 20, was quite sure it was the Haddad forces that were doing the killing in Sabra where he lives. He said they wore the Haddad slogan "Free Lebanon" on their pockets, the same slogan and the Haddad version of the Lebanese cedar tree on their shoulders. They spoke with the accent of southern Lebanon.

Dressed head to foot in denim, his stick-thin knees pointing sharply through his jeans, Kayed is the eldest of another eight-child family, four boys and four girls.

All 10 were in their little pink and green concrete house that Thursday when the killing began. Kayed also said the killing at first was mostly silent, done with knives and axes.

A man with a gun, wearing the Haddad insignia, stood at the corner of the street and shot anyone who left a house. The Kaddah family wisely stayed inside.

All night Thursday the killing continued. Kayed said the Israeli forces ringing the camps sent up flares to illuminate the scene in the dark and narrow streets and blacked-out houses, to assist the work of murder by the militia men.

This deadly help from the Israeli forces is consistent with the co-ordination officially admitted, and has been corroborated by many survivors interviewed by other correspondents. It renders completely untenable the statements by various Israeli military and political leaders that their forces did not realize what was happening until Friday, or in the first version until Saturday.

On Friday morning, said Kayed, the Haddad soldiers went to Gaza hospital, which is just down the road near the Sabra market.

They took 40 or 50 doctors away, but killed only a few—

some Palestinian, some foreign. According to other accounts of this episode, the Palestinian doctors and nurses were killed (also raped in the case of nurses) but the foreigners were released after a lecture about the folly of working for the PLO.

The Haddad militia then started rounding up survivors in the camps, separated men into one group, women and children into another.

Kayed said that at this time the soldiers were shooting morphine into their own arms and smoking hashish.

Then they began to shoot the people they had rounded up—all of them, men, women and children—aiming for the heart or the head. This was done outside the Kuwaiti Embassy, which is not in use, in Sabra.

The militiamen brought in bulldozers during the shooting and began to break down the houses and bury the corpses under rubble.

While this process was going on, some time during Friday, Kayed was not sure of the time, an Israeli jeep appeared at the end of the street. People began to run towards the jeep to get away from the Haddad men.

The massacre stopped for the time being, and among those who made the break at this point were the 10 members of the Kaddah family. The Israelis took them away to the nearby sports stadium, where they were held and interrogated, and later released.

They had been lucky enough that their house was missed, smart enough to keep their cool and stay within.

There were many such stories, each reinforcing the identity of the two groups of Christian killers, as well as the complicity of their Israeli patrons.

In busy Sabra market on the weekend, traders were selling fruit, vegetables, meat, eggs, shoes, towels and whatnot.

Others were looking through the rubble for bits of their lives. I saw a Polaroid snapshot of two men with their arms around each other's shoulders, a pile of dirty boots and shoes in the ruin of a bulldozed house, an almost new refrigerator propped against a broken pillar, hanging precariously one storey above the rubble.

More sickening even than the dwindling perfume of decomposing flesh that still overhangs the camps were the graffiti on a wall near the entrance to Chatilla camp.

"God, country, family," said the scrawled words in Arabic—the slogan of the Christian Phalangists who destroyed so many families here. On the same wall were versions of the stylized cedar tree, symbol of the Phalangist militia.

Around a corner were hastily drawn black arrows, directing the killers towards their victims.

At the edge of the camp a young woman from the Lebanese ministry of the interior sat at a table in a white and black striped tent, interviewing surviving women whose husbands and sons had disappeared.

Some names could be matched up with bodies and bits of bodies still being found in the rubble. Others had been taken away in the Israeli Land-Rovers and not seen again.

Near the tent a shiny new red crane from Belgium, capable of lifting 40 tonnes, and a shiny new yellow bulldozer from the U.S. were beginning to shovel up the bloody broken pavement, the burned hair and old boots, the guilty slogans, lifting and carrying away the places where it happened.

Interview with Christopher Young

These stories are in the classical genre of eyewitness correspondence, the form that goes back to Billy Russell and the Charge of the Light Brigade. I wondered first if you'd assess their impact on your television-era readers.

They aroused quite a lot of reaction, mainly because the event itself was terribly shocking. The war itself was shocking. Israel for the first time was, by many people anyway, seen to be the aggressor. And this became a much more controversial operation inside Israel and outside Israel and among the Jewish community of the world. Certainly I got a terrific amount of reaction, a lot of adverse reaction, from Canadian Jews.

What were they saying?

Well, that it was unfair, superficial. The thing was, even in the first story I did say at the end that the Israelis had stood by and watched this happen and undoubtedly knew it was happening, a conclusion I reached by just getting into the place. Getting to the camp on Saturday morning was very difficult because the Israelis had all the roads blocked and they stopped us and we were told twelve or thirteen times that we couldn't go in and I really got in not through my own effort as much as the Lebanese who was driving me.

In the old days the adventures of the first-person journalist used to form an important part of the story, and I imagine the task of getting to the story and getting the story out are still major features of the job. Would you trace this assignment from its beginning?

I was down to Lebanon three times last year. I did a number of stories in June in Beirut and outside it, around about, above on the hills looking down where you could see the war going on in two directions. Quite extraordinary. You could look down into the city on the sea, West Beirut where the Israelis were bombing them, and where there was fighting in the streets between Lebanese and PLO. And then if you sort of drove around the other side of the mountain, you'd see the Syrians fighting Israelis. Israeli tanks were up there and helicopters and they were trying to knock out Syrian pockets.

Actually, one day, it was a Sunday, there were families of Lebanese with white shirts, short-sleeved shirts and cotton dresses, sitting along the hill with binoculars watching this war between other countries for their country. It was symbolic. They were just bystanders of the whole thing. So that was the

June thing in brief, and in September it was decided that I should go back.

The basic assignment was to go to Israel, where there was by that time a lot of domestic controversy over whether they had gone too far. So I went down to Israel and in the first few days I arranged to go into Lebanon. The only way to go from Israel was a sort of guided tour with the army. It was just a one-day thing. We drove up to the border the night before and stayed in a kibbutz guest house and in the morning went across into Lebanon, up through Tyre and Sidon to East Beirut. But when we got there—I was with two Americans who happened to be allotted to the same guide—we were not allowed to go into West Beirut. The Israelis at that time had not gone in and they had a very, very strict rule against any of their own people going in, and that applied to us because we were in their cars, and furthermore there was a curfew and they wanted us out of there by five o'clock.

It was kind of a frustrating day because we could sort of look at things from a great distance but not really see anything except the Israeli army. We left between four and five and I think it was four o'clock that afternoon that President Gemayel, who was not yet installed, was assassinated in a terrific car bomb explosion. It happened while we were there but I knew nothing about it because we were up on the eastern side, way up high in the hills. But I heard about it the next morning and we were by that time on our way back to Tel Aviv. It was obvious there would be some kind of reaction, some reprisal, some escalation of the fighting. So as soon as I could, I arranged to get back in.

How did you do that?

I did the first leg with the Israelis. Back again to this kibbutz place where you could stay overnight, and then you kind of had to hitch a ride or ask somebody at the guest house. There were a lot of Israeli officers and information people going back and forth as well as press people, foreign journalists. I hitched a ride in the morning with a French television reporter. He took me to East Beirut. East Beirut is the Christian city. It was the place where the press stayed. It was not the place to be, I decided. There were a lot of press there and the television used it a lot because they could get their film out from there much more easily than from West Beirut. But for a print journalist it was almost impossible, I thought, because the taxi drivers were charging $50 or $75 to take you to West Beirut, which is where everything was happening, and you just couldn't go on doing that two or three times a day.

So I moved out of there and drove over hoping to get into the Commodore. I stayed there in June. Although it wasn't a particularly distinguished hotel, it had the advantage of a bank of telexes, a roomful of them on the first floor, and two or three of them behind the desk in the main lobby. They were very press-conscious and would get your copy out if they possibly could. One of the many hazards was that the power kept going out, and that of course would stop telex, and it was usually not possible to phone. Sometimes it was, but it was an off and on thing. This time they wouldn't let me in. They had discovered they could rent whole floors to NBC whether they needed it or not, and individual people were not particularly welcome.

I found another hotel which didn't have telex, so I had to keep tramping back and forth, but that was no big hardship. It was only ten blocks or so. I think this brings us to Friday of the week in which the massacre was happening, actually happening by the time I got into West Beirut, but of course I didn't know about it. It started on Thursday and it went through till Saturday. So I got settled into this other hotel and on Saturday morning I heard something on the radio about trouble in the camps and I went over to try to find out what was happening in the centre of town. There were some sketchy items in the English-language press and French-language press in Beirut that morning. I looked up the man who had driven for me in June. By that time he had got quite a business going and he had already been in once with the BBC that morning, so he knew what was there.

How did you find him?

Well, in normal times he runs the gift shop across from the Commodore. He wasn't there but there are always some of his sidekicks hanging around. The gift shop was closed up but they seem to hang around the front door there and they told me that I could find him either at the BBC office or some other place around the Commodore. He was always floating around there and I just bumped into him around the Commodore area. He had other appointments but he said he had time to take me in.

It took us a long time to get in. As I said, we were stopped a dozen times at least. I had all the passes and everything. This guy was incredible. He told the most outrageous things. He was flashing my Israeli pass with my picture on it, and he kept saying General So-and-So himself, who was the Israeli commander-in-chief, wants this man to go in.

I want to just backtrack a second. It seems to me that, particularly for young journalists, there are some nuts-and-bolts things that come up. Such as: How do you know what's the right hotel to go to? I know there generally is a useful place. How do you find it?

I usually find it out from colleagues—and this Commodore thing has been going on for many years. Even during the civil war, the mid-70s, that's where the press was, and I think that's when they started catering to the press. They've made themselves millions by being obliging to the press, and undoubtedly ripping them off, naturally. This, by the way, was a big issue with the Israelis, because they say it is PLO-owned. I don't know. Especially when the press coverage turned very critical, if you were at the Commodore, they'd say, "Oh, no wonder you're writing that stuff. You're being brainwashed by the PLO."

Actually the people that you were dealing with wouldn't have much to do with the story.

It seems to me that it's generally essential that you hire yourself a guide, an interpreter and a driver, and that generally they're all the same person—an English-speaking indigenous taxi driver. How did you find yours in the first place?

It's terribly important and it's very, very much a matter of luck. The first time, in April, I had a guy who was a perfectly good driver but who was not good at all as a guide or translator. He just wasn't that kind of an aware person. The man that I happened to get in June was a young man, about 22, and I met him through two other Canadians who were there at the time, the *Toronto Star* and a CBC man. The more experienced one was a man called Robert Pouliot who's based in Cyprus and has been in the Middle East for several years working for the *Financial Times* of London and the *Financial Post* of Toronto and *La Presse*. He's a French-Canadian but he writes both languages. The driver charged $100 to take us down to Tyre and Sidon for the day, and we could split it up.

So you must have to travel with a certain amount of cash or with travellers' cheques. What works?

It's a very important detail. I've found it has created a lot of big problems in Eastern Europe too. I found American travellers' cheques the most useful thing, and cash in Eastern Europe. But U.S. travellers' cheques are the things to have in Beirut. One time I went there with British pounds which were just fine anywhere in Europe or in most places these days, but the hotels were not at all keen on them. They wanted the dollars.

Now you mentioned the radio. Do you take a radio with you?

Yes, I take a Sony, a very small flat short-wave and medium-wave radio, and I find that indispensable in countries where you don't know the language or in countries where the press is government-controlled and you can't rely on its accuracy.

So you listen to BBC?

BBC mostly. To a lesser degree, Voice of America, and once in awhile CBC, but not usually. The staple thing was BBC.

You can also hear whatever commotion, if something startling is happening, on the local station.

Yes, that's right.

The citation mentions, among other good things, the element of danger, and I think danger is one of the strengths of this kind of story from the reader's point of view. It is also obviously one of the difficulties. Can you describe how you cope with the problem?

It's an interesting question. I must say when I was in charge of the News Service and not going into danger myself, but sending people to places that might be dangerous, or war zones of one kind or another, I used to be more concerned about it than I am now in a way, because I didn't ever want to be in a position of sending a guy to a place where he might get killed or was taking an unreasonable risk of being killed. I didn't think it was worth it in most cases, especially since we were not, as some journalists are, bringing the first tidings of things to people. Normally we were doing analysis and background and colour. Our papers relied primarily on Reuters or AP and the big international news services for their hard news.

Okay. When you are dealing with someone else, you say, "Don't take any stupid chances." But the fact is that when you are on the spot, you are always taking a chance.

You realize that when you get there. You inevitably are going to be in some form of danger because this stuff is going off everywhere. It's not like a clearcut front-line situation, guerrilla warfare in the cities. One thing I didn't do, on the strong advice of my Lebanese guide, was go out at night walking around the streets, which I normally do in any city, whether it's totally peaceful or not. If nothing else, you're going out looking for a restaurant, or just to see what the life of the city is like. But there is this extraordinary . . . it's the only place I've ever been in my life where there was simply not only no law and order but no form of rules—the most obvious being rules of traffic. Street lights had long since been knocked out. There was rubble everywhere. And the cars just drove wherever they wanted, left, right or whichever way they could go around, and I was much more frightened of getting killed in a car smash than by a bomb. If they ever got a clear stretch they'd go like hell and they never knew whether some other guy was going to be going like hell in the opposite direction on the wrong side of the road.

There was a sort of unreal quality to some of it. For instance, people would trickle back to the hotel at twilight, which in the Middle East is quite early, around six o'clock, and that was the big time for bombing because the Israelis would come out of the sun. The silver jets were almost impossible to see for an anti-aircraft gunner, I suppose, even with instruments, because they'd fly from the westering sun directly in, and if you were looking at it you'd be blinded and you wouldn't see it until it was on top of you. They also flew very, very high so even when you could spot it, it was just a speck, a silver speck reflecting the sunset.

So I went several times up to the roof of the Commodore. Television people used to use it for taking film. They wouldn't get much of a shot of the plane but you'd get the puffs of smoke and the bangs going off in the distance. But when you were watching this—and as I say it seemed very remote and not at all dangerous, because unless it landed on you it was like watching a movie—down below on the streets, all sorts of crackle and bang-bang was going on. If it got quite close to the hotel you could look down—I think the hotel was something like eight stories, not very tall, so you'd be looking down from a height of eight or nine floors—and you'd see men running up and down; you'd see someone sprinting across an intersection or an alley a block or two away with a gun, shooting at somebody else.

While some of this was undoubtedly something to do with the war between whichever faction it was and their enemies, a lot of it, I'm convinced, was just crime or individual feuding: paying off of scores. Because there were no police at all, and no enforcement of law, and any kind of either criminal or blood feud character used the cover of the general racket or disintegration of authority to do whatever he wanted with the gun. And sometimes they'd roar down the streets—a bunch of people who looked like teenagers or very young men—shooting their guns off in the air, kind of a big joke.

It's incredible how inured the population gets to constant danger. The next problem you have is getting your story out. How did that take place?

"The Silence and the Flies" was the one I had the worst problem getting out. I'm afraid I can't tell you the complete story but I will tell you what I can. The normal way of getting it out was on the telex from the Commodore, which was difficult and time-consuming but not impossible. There are often many interruptions with power failures and whatnot, but you could usually eventually get it out. You'd just keeping working away at it all evening. It was a good thing to be back by six because by the time you wrote the story and got hold of a telex, waited your turn, and then did all that business with the interruptions, it often took you the entire evening to transmit a substantial story. The day of the massacre the Israelis cut everything off. Probably in retrospect what I should have done is gone back up to East Beirut to the Israeli press centre, which I think some people did.

I was trying everything I could think of and I didn't try that. I finally found another way and I was able to transmit it only on the promise that I not tell anybody how I did it. That's why I can't finish the story.

But for any reporter who is contemplating a career in wars and so forth, that's a number-one consideration—how you're going to get the stuff out.

It's absolutely vital, yes. In fact it's one reason I went in and out so often. It was so much easier to go back to Israel if you had a lot of stuff in your notebook that wasn't that urgent. It was urgent, but not so that it had to be there that afternoon kind of thing. The Israelis, whatever else they did in the war, never stopped anything and never imposed any censorship. One of the curious things was to be up in the press centre in East Beirut, which was a big concrete-block, echoing building with hastily made cubicles for telephones, but open, without doors, just sides, and the phone lines were pretty bad, and there might be several reporters in there. It was absolute hell dictating a story, which was the only way to do it of course, telephone dictation. People yelling at their offices and spelling things out and in some cases describing Israeli atrocities at the top of their voices. The Israeli press officers shifted from one foot to another and cursed, but they didn't cut them off.

It would seem to me that very close to the surface of the reporter's being in this case was a sense of controlled fury. Is that a fair assessment of what you were feeling when you were writing "Only The Silence"?

Oh, definitely! Oh yes. I mean, I have never seen anything like that in my life and I hope I never do again. It was beyond all reason. It wouldn't have mattered what argument was put up and whether even the entire invasion and occupation of Beirut was justified on security grounds—you could never justify just slaughtering these people, the women and children and everything else. It was a terrible crime, I thought, and I could not help but be absolutely furious and disgusted by the whole thing.

And of course it's important to say, and repeat, what the Israelis often said and that the press failed to repeat, that it was done by the Lebanese, so-called Christians. But it was equally quite clear and obvious that it was done with Israeli collusion. I don't think there could be the slightest doubt about that. I don't know anyone that was there who would have argued that point. I think people who argued that point were people who were a long, long way away.

I get this feeling that, although they are impeccably factual, all those good words, stories, the fact that there is personal judgment occuring beneath their surface gives them tremendous impact, and I think more impact in some ways than the televison picture of a lot of flames and smoke. I see those so often.

I must say that was what I was trying to do. I was extremely angry and outraged by what I'd seen and I was trying to convey that and to convey it by description rather than saying: "I'm mad and they're terrible." It was so awful that you simply had to explain what it looked like and what you saw and what you knew had happened.

Feature Writing

Glen Allen, Montreal Gazette

Glen Allen, 42, began his professional life as a land surveyor after dropping out of high school. He got his first newspaper job with the *Victoria Times*, then worked as a reporter for the *Nelson Daily News* and as a feature writer for the *Toronto Star*. He freelanced in South America for two and a half years and in 1972 went to live in Montreal, where he has since been hired four times by the *Montreal Gazette* and once by the now-defunct *Montreal Star*. He was a columnist at both papers and also a reporter and assignment editor at the *Gazette*, which he most recently rejoined as a feature writer two years ago, after spending two years teaching journalism at a university near Canton, China.

Leaving aside political and analytical writing, Allen says that teaching journalism to 160 Chinese students (they all spoke English; he learned some Chinese) was very similar to teaching Canadian students how to write features: ". . . to find a subject that would have general interest; to treat it in such a way that it would imply the use of metaphors and similes and colorful language; to have a beginning and an end, to have a progression of some kind; to involve, in some way, humor, if it has a humorous potential; to involve drama if it has a dramatic potential. Life is life everywhere, you know."

Allen won his award for a feature about the unsuccessful efforts by social agencies, family and associates to help a Montreal boy with drug problems who eventually committed suicide. The judges praised its "depth, tenderness and sensitivity."

System Programmed Carl to Take His Life at 19

At 1 o'clock in the morning on the Sunday before last, a spare, short young man with long brown hair stood at the end of a platform at Lionel Groulx Metro station.

People who saw him say he seemed deeply pale, as if in shock, as he hovered there nervously shuffling back and forth about 25 feet from a tunnel entrance.

At 1:04 a.m. train No. 02, bound for Atwater station, the third-to-last train of the night, plunged through the darkness and into the light of the station. The young man seemed to steel himself and then leaped in front of it.

The driver, who until then had never had a "jumper," the nightmare all Metro drivers have come to dread, yanked the train to a screeching stop while two bystanders burrowed under the train hoping to pull the jumper out alive.

But Carl Taylor, just 19, had been killed instantaneously, probably the first time in his terribly troubled young life when something had gone according to plan.

This is a story neither about Metro suicides (of which there have been three in two weeks) nor about teenage suicide (although an alarming number of young Quebecers are deciding the only way out of adolescence is death).

Rather this is about how the net society cast wide for Carl Taylor—his family, teachers, social workers and psychiatrists, the halfway houses and drug-treatment centres that touched his brief life—was not wide enough when he finally fell.

He was a "loser," says one of his doctors, a very sad boy who had attempted suicide innumerable times and couldn't, or wouldn't, look after himself.

But there might have been one desperate chance to save him: Commitment to a psychiatric institution.

Montreal General Hospital psychiatrists, who put him in hospital seven times in the past two years after drug overdoses, didn't do that, although the law says a person "who is dangerous to himself or others" can be committed.

The hospital offers sound reasons for not committing him and even his family, somewhat bitter and angry at the handling of his case, didn't want him locked up although "it was only a matter of time" before he killed himself, said one of his sisters.

For Carl was, in a way, programmed to die.

This is also a story about drugs—the kind doctors prescribe. Though Carl took everything he could put down his throat, including LSD, alcohol and street drugs, he was addicted to tranquilizers: Valium, Librium and Serax.

He took enormous quantities of tranquilizers and never seemed to have any trouble getting all he wanted, from the time he took them in a South Shore grade school to the last day of his life when he altered a prescription for three 10-milligram Valium pills given him by a young Montreal General Hospital resident to read 43 pills. (That day he swallowed them all at once, all 430 milligrams, 43 times the prescribed daily dose, says a friend who shared his last hours.)

Though they probably wouldn't recognize themselves categorized in this particular class structure, for they present themselves with both wit and humanity, a sociologist might describe the Taylor family as members of the "underclass," living rural, hard-scrabble lives on the dole or in marginal businesses.

Carl's mother, Carmen, a tiny, intense woman who like her children is still speaking of her lost son in the present tense, lives in a neat but miniscule house in Rawdon in the lower Laurentians.

The little room she kept for Carl, with the new rock poster he put up on the wall just last month, lies off the kitchen, immaculate but looking lived-in, as if waiting for him to come back one more time.

Claude, another son, 20 years old and unemployed, lives a two-mile walk down the road in Ste. Julienne. Daughter Carol, who like Claude and even Carl himself, recently made the inevitable trek to Alberta to make her fortune (she didn't), is about to open a casse-croute in nearby Joliette. Sixteen-year-old Cindy lives with a boyfriend in a Ville Le Moyne apartment, and there are two other married children south of Montreal.

Carl's father had brought the family up in a house he had built himself in Knowlton, where he was a carpenter. It was there, in 1968, that the world fell in on Mrs. Taylor and her little brood when he hanged himself, an event that may have scarred the five-year-old Carl for the rest of his life, though brother Claude says Carl never talked about it.

Carl was a bright little boy, say both his family and a St. Lambert cub pack leader who remembers him, especially good at figures ("he was the kind of card player who always knew how many points you had in your hand," says one of his sisters).

Before he finally dropped out of school he got to Grade 10, higher than any of his siblings. He loved swimming and music and animals and once wanted to be a vet.

Indeed, the early pictures of Carl the family spreads out on the kitchen table show a bright and sunny face, though the portraits grow more dark and dour as the boy grows into his teens.

It was when Carl was in Grade 7 that his mother first suspected he was taking drugs. She went to the school principal and voiced her suspicion and he said, "Mrs. Taylor, I know he's taking drugs. I just don't know what to do about it."

And neither did anybody else know what to do as Carl drifted into his teens in a more or less permanent stupor. "It just seemed he was always somewhere else," says Carol.

After he lost interest in school Carl just stayed at home "smoking, sleeping and listening to CHOM-FM," occasionally picking at his beloved guitar. Mrs. Taylor trucked him off to hospital after hospital, doctor after doctor, social worker after social worker. None helped.

"There were so, so many people through his life," says his sister.

Often he would wander away, begging two and three doctors at a time for drugs, stealing and forging their prescription pads, staying a night here at a friend's, there a night at one of the Montreal hospitals where he soon became well known.

He overdosed on drugs countless times and slashed his wrists until they became nothing but scar tissue, although he didn't often put himself in too much danger.

He was terribly impatient with both people and things. When he had an unwanted cast on a broken leg, he soaked it in the toilet and cut it off.

When he went to see his brother Claude, driving a taxi in Wetaskawin, Alberta, he turned around and hitch-hiked the 2,600 miles home again when he couldn't find Claude after spending only a day there.

He attacked at least one nurse, banged holes in walls, and made life hell for family and friends.

Until this September, when he moved in with a Montreal General Hospital nurse (now at another hospital) who had cared for him, Carl had never been in love with a girl. In all his life, he worked at a job for two days. He wasn't invited back for a third day.

The last two years were the worst. It was in this time that he went to the adolescent clinic of the Montreal General Hospital.

Dr. Luis Vacaflor, a big, colorful man whose energy and humor is much appreciated by his patients and who is acting head of the General's psychiatry department, explained this week that "they didn't know what to do with him" and Carl was referred to the hospital's main psychiatric unit.

From then until his death, five Montreal General psychiatrists who saw him admitted Carl into the 52-bed unit seven times, usually after he had taken an overdose.

Vacaflor said Carl had a "personality disorder. He was a person who persistently behaved in a detrimental way to himself or others. But he was not psychotic."

He said Carl didn't have "the basic self-liking" that would permit him to look after himself. That, coupled with his "use and abuse of every available drug" made the hospital powerless to treat him.

Then why didn't they start proceedings to have him committed to long-term care somewhere else—have him, as they say, "locked up for his own good"?

Waving Carl's three-inch-thick hospital file over his jumbled desk, Vacaflor says doctors at the hospital still thought there was a chance he could make it in the outside world. "If someone creates problems for himself in life" you do not remove him from life itself, says Vacaflor.

And his suicide attempts, usually involving non-lethal minor tranquilizers, were "gestures, cries for help" rather than determined attempts to kill himself even though "it became clear that this [the General] was not the environment for him. We tried very hard with this young man, and it is a situation of great tragedy but we were impotent."

Commitment to long-term care in a larger hospital, say some Montreal psychiatrists, is not much of a solution anyway. Anyone who has visited the often grim back wards of the Douglas Hospital or the Louis Hyppolite-Lafontaine Hospital in the east end can see that for himself.

Psychiatric hospitals are as strapped by budget cuts these days as any institutions. In addition to being more crowded, the dance classes and art therapy and films that made life more livable in their confines have started to disappear because of lack of money.

And although they treat some chronic patients left over from years ago, the smaller psychiatric hospitals like the General now have room only for emergencies.

"So," says Vacaflor, "we decided we would take him in for brief periods when he showed up."

Meanwhile, the General persuaded Carl to go to a drug treatment centre in the country. He stayed only for a few days.

Then they sent him to the Douglas Hospital Behavior Modification Unit but he also left there after a couple of days.

All this time Carl's mother and brother Claude were complaining to hospital authorities that Carl was being given too many of the drugs he wanted. He would be given an envelope of drugs for a weekend leave, then swallow them all at once.

"I can't understand why the hospital wouldn't at least try to cut down his drugs," says Claude, who later wrote an impassioned letter of complaint to *Gazette Probe.*

Both Mrs. Taylor and Claude say the hospital wouldn't give them an explanation, though Vacaflor now says "we had to give him the medication so we could get to the business of treating him. But again, again and again he just swallowed it all" as soon as he received it.

Carl was admitted to the General for the final time on November 9. On November 12 he was sent to a hostel for released male psychiatric patients called Bibleways, composed of three small double bedrooms on top of a day-care centre in St. Henri.

Pastor Winfield Hope, the centre's director, had seen him before, for in the course of his wanderings Carl had already spent a couple of nights there without asking anyone's permission.

Pastor Hope says the General didn't warn him that Carl was suicidal, and never sent his file to him. Sitting in a pew in the congregation of the church attached to the hostel, Pastor Hope says, "I kept asking him if he was all right and he just kept saying 'Yes.' "

A friend Carl had met the year before in the General psychiatric ward, 22-year-old Ken Jorman, was one of the five others in the hostel. Although the two argued about Carl's use of pills ("he told me," says Jorman, "that he now needed 72 pills to get 'off' at all") they got along well.

"Carl was all right. He put up a cold front but he had a sense of humor and we did a lot of clowning around."

Ken said Carl seemed uncharacteristically well though he was still grieving for the failed romance with the nurse who had asked Carl to leave after a few chaotic weeks together.

Ken and Carl were even writing a song together called "Conquest." ("The infinity of the sky," went the lyric "is really quite small/compared to the emptiness that dwells in this now.")

On Saturday, November 20—two weeks ago today—Carl went to the General, where he got a prescription for three 10 milligram Valium pills from Dr. J.A. Charlot.

But the prescription he later presented to the Paul Fioio Pharmacy on lower Atwater Avenue read 43 Valium. Carl had written in a 4 before the 3 on the prescription, rather expertly considering that his hands trembled when he wrote, and Fioio's assistant didn't notice or question the odd number of pills prescribed.

Ken says Carl took all the pills shortly after, which may or may not have contributed to his suicide. Valium is not lethal in itself, especially for someone like Carl with a high tolerance to it, but it can seriously impair judgment and make the already depressed more depressed.

Later, the nurse Carl had been involved with called and the two had a loud and unhappy discussion, after which Carl picked up a knife in the kitchen and told Ken he was going to slash his wrists.

"I told him to put it away and talked to him for a couple of hours," said Ken this week. "We made plans. I said we'd get an apartment together and maybe I'd introduce him to a girl I knew. The last I saw he had fallen asleep."

But still later that night, he called all the members of his family, one by one, and said, remembers Carol, "I need to talk" and they talked to each other. Carl did not mention suicide, although by then the subject had become common currency to them all.

His last call was to his mother, Carmen. She remembers the phone rang at 12:20 on the Sunday morning. She was half asleep and because Carl's voice was thick, she didn't recognize who it was. They hung up on each other in the confusion.

Forty-four minutes later, Carl was dead.

One day this week Carol, Cindy, Claude and Mrs. Taylor were gathered around a table in Mrs. Taylor's homey little kitchen in Rawdon, talking about Carl and the last days they had spent with him.

One remembered a "terrific" Christmas two years ago when Carl had been "all right." Carol remembered a few weeks ago when Carl had called saying he needed to talk and so she picked him up and took him to her house.

"His birthday had already gone by but I thought, 'why not give him a party?' So I made a cake with candles and we had spaghetti and we watched "Soap" together. It was fine for once and I forgot about the bad times—all the times you'd dread hearing the phone ring or hearing an ambulance coming."

Mrs. Taylor brings in the little pathetic pile of things that are Carl's legacy—a pair of fancy western boots, a jean vest he always wore, the empty Valium vial, bits of papers and a note, never sent, to his nurse-girlfriend ("anytime somebody needs you, don't let them down," it said).

"All I ever really wanted to tell him was 'I wish I could get in your head for just one day,'" says Carol.

The family didn't hear about Carl's death until near midday Sunday. They identified the body on Monday, then had the funeral in a St. Lambert chapel. A guitar made of flowers lay on Carl's broken body. Someone played his favorite song, Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven."

There weren't many there. A couple of friends, the family, the cub leader, a St. Lambert couple who had once given him a home for two weeks.

"Of course we cried," says Carol "but we cried for the life he had had."

The question is, in the end, who's to blame for this sorry tale? The doctors? The family? You might as well fault fate itself or Carl's imperfect genes, for those around him seem to have tried their best.

Perhaps more relevant are questions about the widespread use of the most beguiling family of minor tranquilizers, and the carefree system of prescribing them.

Despite their obvious dangers, they are the most prescribed drugs in the Western world. A whole new generation has grown up with them and relies on them in a most disturbing way.

Vacaflor says such drugs "are one of the instruments" by which so many young people are harming themselves. But would Carl's life have been different without his drug of choice? Perhaps he would have found something else.

To Carmen Taylor, the fault lies not only with the people who gave him all those drugs but with the nurse who took in and then rejected her son. But her daughter Carol says however unprofessional the nurse's conduct may have been "he finally found love. At least he had that."

Brother Claude offers this answer: "The fact is, Carl was dangerous to himself. What did he have to do to get help? Something is wrong with the system. Personally, I think the Montreal General should have kept him full time and gotten him off the pills. Maybe if we talk about Carl others will be warned because it's for sure there are other people like Carl out there."

The meeting breaks up and Cindy—the pretty, quiet 16-year-old who had drawn very close to her brother Carl in the past two years, spending whole days with him in the hospital—hitches a ride back to Montreal, her things stuffed in the old packsack she inherited from her dead brother.

She sits a long time in the back of the car, staring out at the rain and the low black hills, and then says:

"You know, we had it rough as kids. Really rough. And I was just about to say we're all alive just the same. But we're not now, are we? Not any more."

Interview with Glen Allen

This story expresses a deep sense of outrage on your part. I wonder if you would discuss a bit the role of a writer's emotions in writing a human story.

Yes. I'm not afraid to get very emotionally involved in a story. I'm not even afraid to make a story melodramatic, because I think life is melodramatic—and unsavoury—in many ways. The basic message of this story was a kid with not very many resources, an unhappy background, who had recourse to almost every kind of system of help, or resource, that society had to offer—psychiatric care, social workers, teachers, Cub leaders, boys' clubs, a family—an imperfect family but a decent family—police . . . almost everything that a kid in trouble would come in contact with. And yet no one was able to help him avoid the inevitable. Everybody knew that he was going to do this. Yet there was no single one that could stand out and say, "Stop." Or no one that could perform some even custodial function and look after him until he finally got over whatever it was that was compelling him to take his own life.

Your emotions are central to the story.

Oh, yes. I was very emotionally involved. I had qualms about writing about suicide in the first place. There have been a lot of stories about suicide in Quebec because we have the highest youth suicide rate outside some place in the South Pacific right now—just an incredible figure—and there have been a lot of stories, in *La Presse* especially. I've never written about suicide before mainly because I know from reading academic reports that once you write about a suicide, suicides go up.

I didn't know that was the case.

It is the case. But I decided to write about this kid, not to write about suicide per se, but to show how society failed him and how no one was there when he finally fell, so to speak. There was a hole there, as the title in the story says. The net wasn't wide enough.

It also is a story about psychiatric care. That's really my specialty in Montreal. I do volunteer work at mental hospitals and teach writing in a mental hospital. The case of this boy showed—we've seen the same story here in Parkdale in Toronto—that there is very little after-care for psychiatric patients, either neurotics or psychotics. This boy was just neurotic, he wasn't psychotic, he wasn't out-and-out crazy. Just wasn't able to look after himself, even at his age, and there is just nothing to look after him. When the hospital was finished with him they'd send him to a kind of shabby little top-floor of a gospel church, black gospel church, three tiny little rooms in the space of this one big room here, with six disturbed people. They would feed them three times a day and turn on the TV. And this to me is not after-care. He was always able to get whatever pills he wanted through forging prescriptions or conning doctors or through contacts with pharmacists.

So that's the parallel theme here. No after-care, easy availability of his drug of choice—which he'd used for eleven years. Since he was in grade seven, somehow or other he managed to acquire all these drugs. But the real tragedy of the story is that in all this time that he was in trouble, no one ever reached him. Not even Montreal General, probably the best youth-care facility for disturbed children in Montreal. They would simply take him in for a day or two when he showed up and seemed to be especially disturbed and then send him away to some kind of hole-in-the-wall for awhile till he showed up again. I mean, there was just nothing for him.

Does a feature start with you looking at a situation and saying: "This is wrong. Society is not working here"?

I always start stories with a person. I'm an old *Toronto Star* type. We always start with the personality and their lives and I just got into this kid's life before he died.

How did you get started on it?

It was a letter that was sent to Gazette Probe and hung around the office for a year. From his brother. A rather illiterate letter saying: "Doctors are giving my kid brother too many pills." Well, it's not the sort of letter you would do too much about when you get it at the Probe. What can you do? You get all kinds of letters like that. But it was on file, and I just happened to be talking to the Gazette Probe guy and we were going through the letters and I just said this is a funny one. Let me just phone the brother and see what he means.

We had thousands of letters like that, doctors are doing this to me, doctors are doing that to me, doctors are trying to chop my head off in the middle of the night, you know, paranoid things. So I phoned the brother and I went and saw the mother and saw the sister and saw the Cub leader and meanwhile the kid is still alive, sleeping outside in the streets. I never met him. He was always away, just hiding out somewhere. I learned a lot about him by the time I received the call, perhaps eleven o'clock one night from his younger sister Cindy, saying, "Well, he did it last night. He jumped in front of a train." Then it became a story, to me anyway.

You were actually part of the story.

I was sort of interested in knowing how the kid had become a Valium junkie, and also why no one was there to look after him if he really was so disturbed, as he seemed to be. And why, for instance, a kid of nineteen had never had a home beyond the home his mother offered him—where he was unable to stay for some reason or other, not his mother's fault. He was just alone, very, very restless and hyperkinetic, a person who could not sit still.

I talked to his psychiatrists. You know psychiatrists will not talk about a patient till after he's dead. So finally I get the stuff from the psychiatrists after he is dead but they said only what I knew anyway—that he had a personality disorder and was deeply neurotic and a drug addict. So I tried to piece it all together. I tried to live this guy's life, tried to find out about this guy's life, before and after the fact of his dying. It is a melodramatic story and one that the paper didn't even really want to publish.

Why, because it was suicide?

A bit too gruesome, a suicide and so on. I write mainly unsavoury stories like that. I get interested in things like that. I think it's a relevant story—whether it's suicide or not. A lot of people are committing suicide and you can't hide it. In Montreal's Metro there are roughly a hundred and fifty times more suicides than there are in Toronto's subway. Why? It goes much faster for one thing. There is something very macho about Montreal's Metro that Toronto doesn't have. You have in Toronto these slow steel cars grinding into the station. Well, Montreal's *whistle* right into the station. There's something about the Latin character of the Québécois that impels them to jump in front of these speedy trains. I don't know what it is. The M.U.C.T.C. that controls the Metro refuses to talk about suicides. We do have some figures. Most people who jump in front of trains simply break their legs or their backs. But many die, and this young man did. That was the first thing that ever worked in his life, I guess. He tried to commit suicide. So that's the story and it's not the best story I've ever written.

But it does have the feeling of this boy. This "loser" comes across very, very strongly. You read the story quickly and you get a real *picture of this hopeless kid. And if he does indeed stand for a number of people, he's significant as well as pathetic.*

He does. He stands for a number of people. That, to me, was the reason for writing it. Montreal is full of kids like that—eleven-year-olds on the run, selling their bodies, moving across the country. In this gentle and prosperous land of ours, there are more kids in trouble than you can believe. I personally know maybe fifty, eleven- or twelve-year-old prostitutes in Montreal for whom there is just nobody. Montreal is still a bit of a mecca for that sort of thing. There seems to be a clientele for them. This kid was not a male prostitute. He'd avoided sex all his life. He had a totally arid personality except for his love of music.

Society's flaws seem to burden you personally.

Yes. My work this past year—and I'm surprised that the *Gazette* has printed it, because the *Gazette* is a pretty straight paper—I've done nothing but unsavoury stories all year. Hunger, homelessness, migration, poverty, architects and engineers living on welfare, which is happening, all in Montreal. In Montreal we now have the highest unemployment rate of any large city in North America. The heartbreak of that figure alone as translated into human terms is incredible. I've been accused both by the Quebec government and by my own editors of making too much of this kind of stuff. Montreal is not a hellhole after all. But I feel that given the economic crisis, the texture of society is changing in such a way that we have to document these things. It's not because I have a particularly lugubrious cast of mind, I don't think. It's just that somebody's got to write about it.

Somebody's got to write about it. Why? In order that society can improve itself?

Just for the people on the hill at Westmount at least to know what's happening down the hill. Just to make a community aware of each of its parts if nothing else. I'm a social affairs reporter. I feel that things could be better and one way of doing it is to communicate the facts and hope to hell that people in government read it. Or whoever the authorities are. This story caused a lot of trouble.

What happened?

Well, the hospital of course is very embarrassed, although they have no excuses; they offer no excuses. But a lot of people start writing letters in defence of the hospital, saying that they had been cured by this hospital. Half-way houses write and say, "We are doing our best."

That's the point, that they were doing their best.

And yet this kid still died. The kid felt obliged to jump in front of the Metro and there are others like him, there's no doubt about it.

I think the awful thing about the story is that people were doing their best.

That's right. Everybody was doing their best. But they could have done better. Somebody could have done better. I don't know. I wish I had done better. I wish I had known the kid and taken him home.

You can't take every kid in Montreal home.

No. I do take kids home. I take kids home from mental hospitals every week. But I didn't meet Carl. The nurse met Carl and she couldn't stand him. He was too hard to live with. She took him home, which is a totally unprofessional thing to do. She lost her job because of it. She had to move to another hospital.

You're deeply involved in your work. Your work is, as you say, unsavoury. Does this ever get you down entirely?

It gets me down very much. This story got me down for a long time. I've been in touch with the family and the mother. I sent her money. I gave her the money that I won in this prize, you know, naturally.

As you write more and more stories, your caseload, so to speak, is going to be immense. Isn't there a point where you're going to have to take up another line of work?

Not as long as I have my health. No. I think it's valuable work. I think it's good for a journalist to get involved. Maybe this is, again, unprofessional. Not only do I get more stories, not only do I get a real good feel of what's going on, but collaterally I'm also doing something myself that perhaps these other people never did for these kids. Like mothers are now phoning me up and saying, "My son is psychotic, he'd like to meet a normal person for lunch." So last week I take out a mother and her son and we go to a restaurant—the first time he's been out of the house in two and a half years. We have a nice little lunch and the kid feels a little better. Just meeting someone who's been around and knows something about mental illness. . . .

I have a large background in mental illness. I had a couple of suicides in my family and a lot of hospitalization. So I know quite a bit about it, how to approach people like that. I just wish I'd met this kid. I just wonder if I could have ever done anything for him.

What's the one cardinal virtue an aspiring feature writer needs?

Well, I assume the kid can write. The one thing I have learned in eighteen years in this business is to talk to all the people I can. I'm absolutely brazen about talking to people. I say hello to people on the buses. I would rather interview you than have you interview me. I'm a shameless interviewer. I just interview people. I get their life stories, and I'm a good interviewer, I think. I love stories. I love hearing about people's experiences, and how they feel, and if they feel good, why, and if they feel bad, why, and how life is treating them. I just constantly go after people for this sort of thing. I don't know why. It's a bit of a quirk.

I met a great guy this morning you would have liked. I was walking around the hotel just to get some air, about seven o'clock. I saw a pile of stuff. I thought it was kid's sporting stuff at the corner of Queen and Bay. But there was a man attached to it. And the guy was sound asleep. I thought he was dead except he looked very relaxed. So I watched and he was breathing okay. So I went around again and I thought, geez, he's going to end up in jail, so I said: "Hey, shouldn't you get up?" And he said,"Oh yeah, I should." He said: "I was just sitting on this grating," and he moved his leg and said, "Look."

It's warm!

Yes. I gave him twenty bucks. He didn't grovel or anything. He just said thanks very much. And off he went. He had something like a broom handle over his shoulder—a bindlestick—with three white shopping bags on it and one orange shopping bag and a suit bag, a plastic one.

Well, these are the things that make you and me journalists. The fact is if a student is the best writer in the world, if he has the nicest touch of metaphor and simile, if he can write the right lead in five seconds and everything, none of that matters unless the kid is curious about what's going on around him. If he doesn't stop and ask the bag man, "Hey, how are you? Are you all right?", if he doesn't have that human dimension, then forget it. He should be doing financial news or something.

National Newspaper Award Winners

EDITORIAL WRITING

1949 Edgar A. Collard
Montreal Gazette

1950 Edgar A. Collard
Montreal Gazette

1951 Gerard Filion
Le Devoir, Montreal

1952 Bruce Hutchison
Victoria Times

1953 Thomas E. Nichols
Hamilton Spectator

1954 Charles B. Pyper
Toronto Telegram

1955 C. Mort Fellman
North Bay Nugget

1956 Andre Laurendeau
Le Devoir, Montreal

1957 Bruce Hutchison
Victoria Times

1958 Gerard Filion
Le Devoir, Montreal

1959 Edgar A. Collard
Montreal Gazette

1960 Gerard Filion
Le Devoir, Montreal

1961 Lubor Zink
Brandon Sun

1962 Andre Laurendeau
Le Devoir, Montreal

1963 Anthony Westell
Toronto Globe and Mail

1964 Claude Ryan
Le Devoir, Montreal

1965 Eric Wells
Winnipeg Tribune

1966 Ralph Hancox
Peterborough Examiner

1967 William Gold
Hamilton Spectator

1968 Edgar Collard
Montreal Gazette

1969 Martin Dewey
Toronto Star

1970 Jack Wolfe
New Westminster Columbian

1971 Cameron M. Smith
Toronto Globe and Mail

1972 Peter Worthington
Toronto Sun

1973 Gilles Boyer
Quebec Le Soleil

1974 Pierce Fenhagen
Montreal Gazette

1975 John W. Grace
Ottawa Journal

1976 Cameron Smith
Toronto Globe and Mail

1977 David Ablett
Vancouver Sun

1978 John Grace
Ottawa Journal

1979 Oakland Ross
Toronto Globe and Mail

1980 George Radwanski
Toronto Star

1981 George Radwanski
Toronto Star

1982 Joan Fraser
Montreal Gazette

CRITICAL WRITING

1972 David Billington
Montreal Gazette

1973 David Billington
Montreal Gazette

1974 John Fraser
Toronto Globe and Mail

1975 Scott Beaven
Calgary Albertan

1976 John Fraser
Toronto Globe and Mail

1977 William French
Toronto Globe and Mail

1978 William French
Toronto Globe and Mail

1979 John Hofsess
Calgary Albertan

1980 William Littler
Toronto Star

1981 Jay Scott
Toronto Globe and Mail

1982 Peter Goddard
Toronto Star

SPOT NEWS REPORTING

1949 Edmond Chasse
Le Canada, Montreal

1950 Ken W. MacTaggart
Toronto Globe and Mail

1951 Gwyn Thomas
Toronto Star

1952 Don Delaplante
Toronto Globe and Mail

1953 Judith Robinson
Toronto Telegram

1954 Gwyn Thomas
Toronto Star

1955 Richard Snell
Calgary Herald

1956 Bruce Larsen
Vancouver Province

1957 Ted Byfield
Winnipeg Free Press

1958 Canadian Press
Halifax Bureau

1959 Andrew MacFarlane
Toronto Telegram

1960 Walter McCall
Windsor Star

1961 Charles King
Southam News Service

1962 Thomas Hazlitt
Vancouver Province

1963 Bob Hill
Edmonton Journal

1964 Robert Reguly
Toronto Star

1965 Warren Gerard
Toronto Globe and Mail

1966 Robert Reguly and
Robert MacKenzie
Toronto Star

1967 Anthony Westell
Toronto Globe and Mail

1968 Claire Dutrisac
Montreal La Presse

1969 Gwyn Thomas
Toronto Star

1970 Tom Hazlitt
Toronto Star

1971 Ron Haggart
Toronto Telegram

1972 John Zaritsky
Toronto Globe and Mail

1973 Frank Jones
Toronto Star

1974 Steve Krueger
Canadian Press

1975 Jack Cahill
Toronto Star

1976 Richard Cleroux
Toronto Globe and Mail

1977 Gerald Utting
Toronto Star

1978 John Fraser
Toronto Globe and Mail

1979 Canadian Press
Toronto Bureau

1980 Jean Pelletier
La Presse, Montreal

1981 Canadian Press
Ottawa Bureau

1982 Christopher Young
Southam News

ENTERPRISE REPORTING

1972 David Crane
Toronto Star

1973 Henry Aubin
Montreal Gazette

1974 Robert Nielsen
Toronto Star

1975 Lysiane Gagnon
Montreal La Presse

1976 Henry Aubin
Montreal Gazette

1977 Gerald Utting
Toronto Star

1978 Peter Worthington
Toronto Sun

1979 Bill Dampier
Toronto Star

1980 Tim Padmore
Chris Gaynor
Vancouver Sun

1981 Mary Janigan
Montreal Gazette

1982 Vancouver Sun

FEATURE WRITING

1949 Dorothy Howarth
Toronto Telegram

1950 Laurie M. McKechnie
Toronto Telegram

1951 Bill Boss
Canadian Press

1952 Wilfred List
Toronto Globe and Mail

1953 Gerald Clark
Canada Wide Features

1954 Mac Reynolds
Vancouver Sun
1955 Frank Lowe
Montreal Star
1956 Ralph Hicklin
Chatham News
1957 William Kinmond
Toronto Globe and Mail
1958 G.E. Mortimore
Victoria Colonist
1959 Gene Telpner
Winnipeg Free Press
1960 Pierre Berton
Toronto Star
1961 Guy Lamarche
Le Devoir, Montreal
1962 Peter Worthington
Toronto Telegram
1963 Robert Turnbull
Toronto Globe and Mail
1964 Peter Newman
Toronto Star
1965 Arnie Myers
Vancouver Sun
1966 Betty Lee
Toronto Globe and Mail
1967 Ray Guy
St. John's Telegram
1968 Sheila Arnopoulos
Montreal Star
1969 Brian Stewart
Montreal Gazette
1970 Michael Popovich
Toronto Telegram
1971 Claire Dutrisac
Montreal La Presse
1972 George Hutchison
London Free Press
1973 Del Bell
London Free Press
1974 Carol Hogg
Calgary Herald
1975 Nigel Gibson
Montreal Gazette
1976 Joe Hall
Toronto Star
1977 Brenda Zosky
Toronto Star
1978 Josh Freed
Montreal Star
1979 Val Sears
Toronto Star
1980 Richard Gwyn
Toronto Star
1981 Peter Calamai
Southam News
Michele Landsberg
Toronto Star (tie)
1982 Glen Allen
Montreal Gazette

STAFF CORRESPONDING

1949 Stuart Underhill
Canadian Press
1950 Peter Inglis
Southam News Services
1951 John Bird
Southam News Services
1952 William Stevenson
Toronto Star
1953 Jack Scott
Vancouver Sun
1954 Bill Boss
Canadian Press

1955 I. Norman Smith
Ottawa Journal

1956 Ken W. MacTaggart
Toronto Telegram

1957 Jean-Marc Leger
Le Devoir, Montreal

1958 Andrew MacFarlane
Toronto Telegram

1959 Bruce Hutchison
Victoria Times

1960 Pierre Berton
Toronto Star

1961 Bruce Phillips
Southam News Services

1962 Michael Barkway
Southam News Services

1963 Alexander Ross
Vancouver Sun

1964 Charles Lynch
Southam News Services

1965 Jean-Pierre Fournier
Le Devoir, Montreal

1966 David Oancia
Toronto Globe and Mail

1967 Timothy Traynor
FP Publications, London

1968 Robert Reguly
Toronto Star

1969 Peter Worthington
Toronto Telegram

1970 Anthony Westell
Toronto Star

1971 Norman Webster
Toronto Globe and Mail

SPORTS WRITING

1957 Robert Hesketh
Toronto Telegram

1958 Scott Young
Toronto Globe and Mail

1959 Dick Beddoes
Vancouver Sun

1960 Jacques Revelin
L'Action Catholique, Quebec

1961 Ted Reeve
Toronto Telegram

1962 Mike Cramond
Vancouver Province

1963 Gary Lautens
Toronto Star

1964 Bob Hanley
Hamilton Spectator

1965 Bob Pennington
Toronto Telegram

1966 James Kearney
Vancouver Sun

1967 Al Sokol
Toronto Telegram

1968 Robert J. Hanley
Hamilton Spectator

1969 Bob Pennington
Toronto Telegram

1970 Bob Hanley
Hamilton Spectator

1971 Red Fisher
Montreal Star

1972 Tim Burke
Montreal Gazette

1973 John Robertson
Montreal Star

1974 George Gross
Toronto Sun

1975 Trent Frayne
Toronto Sun
1976 Al Strachan
Montreal Gazette
1977 Brodie Snyder and
Dick Bacon
Montreal Gazette
1978 Doug Gilbert
Edmonton Sun
1979 Allen Abel
Toronto Globe and Mail
1980 Archie McDonald
Vancouver Sun
1981 Barbara Huck
Winnipeg Free Press
1982 Michael Farber
Montreal Gazette

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHY

1949 Jack De Lorme
Calgary Herald
1950 Harry Befus
Calgary Herald
1951 David Bier
Montreal Herald
1952 Russell Cooper
Toronto Telegram
1953 Orval Brunelle
Lethbridge Herald
1954 Ted Dinsmore
Toronto Telegram
1955 Roger St-Jean
Montreal La Presse
1956 Ted Jolly
Amherst, N.S., News
1957 Jerry Ormond
Calgary Herald
1958 Robertson Cochrane
London Free Press
1959 George Diack
Vancouver Sun
1960 Jack Bowman
Brantford Expositor
1961 Gordon Karam
UPI, Ottawa Bureau
1962 Daniel Scott
Vancouver Sun
1963 Kent Stevenson
Calgary Herald
1964 Peter Geddes
Toronto Telegram
1965 Clifford Knapp
Kingston Whig-Standard
1966 Norman James
Toronto Star
1967 Sean Browne
Toronto Telegram
1968 Ernie Lee
London Free Press
1969 Tibor Kolley
Toronto Globe and Mail
1970 Franz Maier
Toronto Globe and Mail
1971 Doug Griffin
Toronto Star
1972 Frank Lennon
Toronto Star
1973 Kerry McIntyre
Canadian Press
Donald Dutton
Toronto Star (tie)
1974 Donald Dutton
Toronto Star

1975	Stephen Liard	*Toronto Star*
1976	Russell Mant	*Canadian Press*
1977	Douglas Ball	*Canadian Press*
1978	John Colville	*Calgary Herald*
1979	Bill Sandford	*Toronto Sun*
1980	Dick Wallace	*London Free Press*
1981	Larry McDougal	*Ottawa Citizen*
1982	Robert Taylor	*Edmonton Sun*

CARTOONING

1949	Jack Boothe	*Toronto Globe and Mail*
1950	James G. Reidford	*Montreal Star*
1951	Leonard Norris	*Vancouver Sun*
1952	Robert La Palme	*Le Devoir, Montreal*
1953	Robert W. Chambers	*Halifax Chronicle-Herald*
1954	John Collins	*Montreal Gazette*
1955	Merle R. Tingley	*London Free Press*
1956	James G. Reidford	*Toronto Globe and Mail*
1957	James G. Reidford	*Toronto Globe and Mail*
1958	Raoul Hunter	*Le Soleil, Quebec*
1959	Duncan Macpherson	*Toronto Star*
1960	Duncan Macpherson	*Toronto Star*
1961	Ed McNally	*Montreal Star*
1962	Duncan Macpherson	*Toronto Star*
1963	Jan Kamienski	*Winnipeg Tribune*
1964	Ed McNally	*Montreal Star*
1965	Duncan Macpherson	*Toronto Star*
1966	Robert W. Chambers	*Halifax Chronicle-Herald*
1967	Raoul Hunter	*Quebec Le Soleil*
1968	Roy Peterson	*Vancouver Sun*
1969	Edward Uluschak	*Edmonton Journal*
1970	Duncan Macpherson	*Toronto Star*
1971	Yardley Jones	*Toronto Sun*
1972	Duncan Macpherson	*Toronto Star*
1973	John Collins	*Montreal Gazette*
1974	Blaine	*Hamilton Spectator*
1975	Roy Peterson	*Vancouver Sun*
1976	Andy Donato	*Toronto Sun*

1977	Terry Mosher (Aislin) *Montreal Gazette*
1978	Terry Mosher (Aislin) *Montreal Gazette*
1979	Edd Uluschak *Edmonton Journal*
1980	Victor Roschkov *Toronto Star*
1981	Tom Innes *Calgary Herald*
1982	Blaine *Hamilton Spectator*

FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHY

1950	John Maclean *Toronto Telegram*
1951	Peter Dunlop *Toronto Telegram*
1952	Harry Befus *Calgary Herald*
1953	Bill Dennett *Vancouver Sun*
1954	Ray Munro *Vancouver Province*
1955	Jack Marshall *Toronto Star*
1956	Gordon Sedawie *Vancouver Province*
1957	Villy Svarre *Vancouver Province*
1958	Ron Laytner *Toronto Telegram*
1959	Bob Olsen *Vancouver Province*
1960	Don McLeod *Vancouver Province*
1961	Jack Jarvie *Brantford Expositor*
1962	Boris Spremo *Toronto Globe and Mail*
1963	Boris Spremo *Toronto Globe and Mail*
1964	Bob Olsen *Vancouver Times*
1965	Ken Oakes *Vancouver Sun*
1966	David Paterson *Vancouver Province*
1967	Reg Innell *Toronto Star*
1968	Boris Spremo *Toronto Star*
1969	Peter Bregg *Canadian Press*
1970	Glenn Baglo *Vancouver Sun*
1971	Glenn Baglo *Vancouver Sun*
1972	Jack Burnett *London Free Press*
1973	Rod C. MacIvor *United Press International*
1974	Douglas Ball *Canadian Press*
1975	Tedd Church *Montreal Gazette*
1976	Allan Leishman *Montreal Star*
1977	Boris Spremo *Toronto Star*
1978	Hugh MacKenzie *Ottawa Citizen*
1979	Bill Keay *Vancouver Sun*

1980 Peter Martin
United Press Canada
1981 Tedd Church
Montreal Gazette
1982 Bruno Schlumberger
Ottawa Citizen

COLUMNS

1980 Michele Landsberg
Toronto Star
1981 Lysiane Gagnon
Montreal La Presse
1982 John Slinger
Toronto Star

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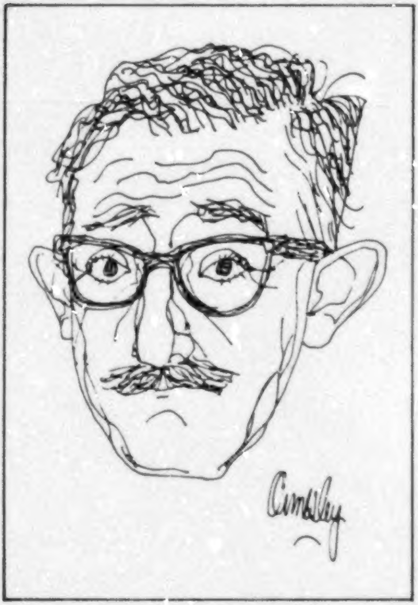

David Annesley

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Andrew MacFarlane spent twenty-two years in daily newspapers, seven of them as managing editor of the old *Toronto Telegram*. He was a senior official of the Ontario government before accepting, in 1973, an invitation to develop Canada's first graduate school of journalism at the University of Western Ontario, where he served a seven-year term as dean—the first Canadian journalism educator to achieve that university rank.

An even more gratifying career accomplishment was his move from administration to the ranks of the faculty, where, as a full professor, he now devotes his time to the pleasurable activities of teaching, researching, writing about and occasionally practising journalism.

He was a National Newspaper Awards judge and, as a reporter, a two-time winner—for Staff Corresponding and Spot News Reporting.

Through the National Newspaper Awards, the National News Week Committee has, since 1949, honoured journalists for work published in Canadian dailies.

Many newspaper journalists are "members of the family" in their own cities, but too often they are unknown beyond the city's borders.

Byline will introduce readers across the country to the winners of the 1982 Awards.

Each of the winning entries is introduced by Andrew MacFarlane, who has interviewed the winners about the backgrounds to their stories and their approaches to their craft.

Spot News Reporting Chris Young, *Southam News*, for his eyewitness reports of the Beirut massacre.

Feature Writing Glen Allen, *Montreal Gazette*, for his story of the events leading to a youth's tragic suicide.

Sports Writing Michael Farber, *Montreal Gazette*, for his portrait of Tim Raines's battle with cocaine addiction.

Critical Writing Peter Goddard, *Toronto Star*, for his analyses of the music scene.

Column Writing John Slinger, *Toronto Star*, for his humorous essays on a wide range of subjects.

Enterprise Reporting *The Vancouver Sun*, for its coverage of the Clifford Olson murders.

Editorial Writing Joan Fraser, *Montreal Gazette*, for her forceful argument, range of interest and elegance of prose.

News Photography Robert Taylor, *Edmonton Sun*.

Feature Photography Bruno Schlumberger, *Ottawa Citizen*.

Cartooning Blaine, *Hamilton Spectator*.

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